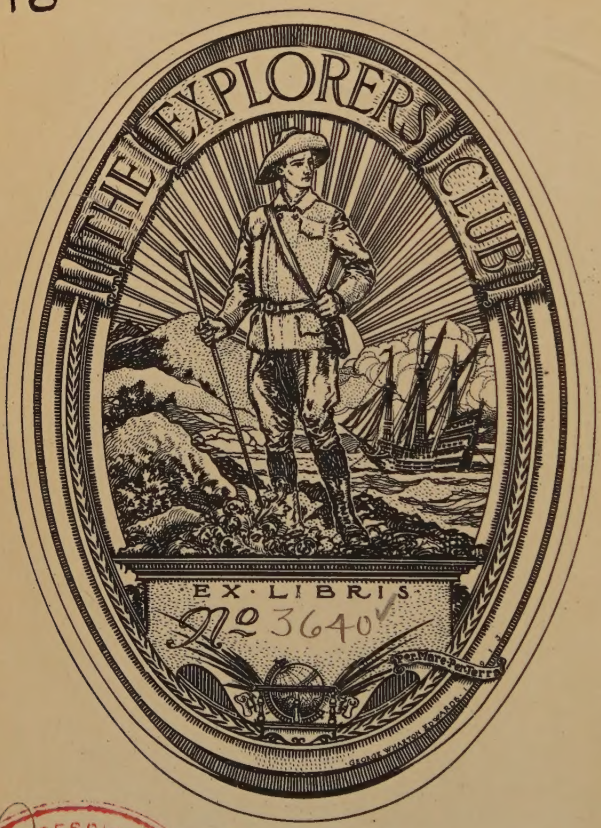
Saddle & Camp in the Rockies

BY DILLON WALLACE

978.09
W16



Arctic Club of America

DEACCESSIONED
THE EXPLORERS CLUB
DEACCESSIONED

Case Shelf

Archæ Club of America
1912

Photograph by A. G. Livingston

A Woodland Idyl.

Those who know the difficulty of seeing even one deer in the Rocky Mountain Country to-day will appreciate the problem of photographing five at one exposure.

EXPLORERS
JAMES B. FORD
LIBRARY

SADDLE AND CAMP IN THE ROCKIES

An Expert's Picture of Game Conditions in the Heart of our Hunting Country

BY

DILLON WALLACE

AUTHOR OF

"THE LURE OF THE LABRADOR WILD," "THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL,"
"BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK
OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
MCMXI

JAMES B. FORD
LIBRARY
EXPLORERS CLUB NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY
OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND
All rights reserved

3640

TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

FOR several years it had been my desire to see intimately some of the wilder sections of the Rocky Mountain region, and personally observe the big game ranges and game conditions. In the spring of 1910 I was so fortunate as to be in position to complete arrangements for the trip, which I planned to make with saddle and pack animals, starting in Arizona and proceeding northward across intervening States into Montana, a total distance of nearly two thousand miles. Not only would the journey take me through some of the best big game country in the United States, but it promised unusual interest in many other ways. It would carry me into what we may call the remnant of our frontier, over big cattle ranges, through Apache, Navajo, Hopi, and Paiute Indian country, across desert reaches, and would give me a view of many of the natural wonders in which our West is so rich.

As suggested, however, the chief object of this journey was to study at first hand the big game conditions; to estimate as nearly as possible the amount of game still remaining in the regions traversed; to learn something of the adequacy, in practical operation, of present game laws to protect game and work for its increase; to observe the methods in various sections of enforcing and administering the game laws; and to observe the methods in vogue of protecting game inhabiting public lands and forest reserves, including those unsettled areas under Federal control where some species of game animals have been practically exterminated.

As a natural result of indiscriminate slaughter, game animals in the United States have so diminished in numbers that the preservation of the few remaining is to-day a serious problem. This diminution, indeed, has already gone so far that the early extinction of some species is threatened. It was to be expected that civilization would displace the wild game in agricultural and populated regions, for wheat fields and buffalo herds cannot co-exist; antelope and elk cannot feed in city streets.

But destruction has gone beyond the confines of settled areas. It has extended, and in

some instances very completely, to the still uninhabited wilderness. The wild creatures have failed to find refuge even in the most remote mountain fastness or arid desert. In the Rocky Mountain region, on the great Colorado Plateau, and, in fact, throughout the whole United States, are wilderness areas, some of them of vast extent, which are neither adapted to agriculture, nor capable of any development, so far as we know at present, but which would support great numbers of valuable so-called game animals. The most inaccessible and rugged mountains are the natural habitat, for instance, of mountain sheep. Likewise, there are unpeopled regions adapted to antelope, elk, moose, or other valuable species, as well as many of the fur-bearing animals.

Were these animals permitted to propagate in sufficient numbers in those sections unavailable for settlement or development, they would undoubtedly prove a valuable national resource. But it was only in recent years that our Federal and some of our State governments took cognizance of the fact that wild animals were of value and might well be reckoned among our national resources. In an age and country where the accumulation of wealth is the first consideration of the people, anything that ap-

peals to legislators must possess immediate intrinsic or money value, and the value must be patent and easily seen. So long, therefore, as legislators insisted that conservation was a theory of sentimentalists, and declined to see the practical side of it, nothing under the wide dome of heaven could induce them to offer legal protection to either forests or game animals, and this shortsightedness has directly led to profligate waste.

It was a long and tedious undertaking to educate our lawmakers to appreciate the fact that deer, elk, mountain sheep, and other game animals really are of intrinsic value and might prove of decided profit to the State. Hardly yet have the legislators of many of our States come to a full realization of the fact that wild tracts of country not capable of agricultural development, or not at present so utilized, may support game animals that will be of the same relative value to the State as cattle are to the individual ranchman.

In consequence of this lack of legislative interest, in spite of the long educational campaign in game protection, our game laws are still in the crude formative or partially developed stage, and game protection is largely a matter of political juggling and political favor; and

so it will be until the State departments established for the supervision of game are divorced from politics, and commissioners and wardens are appointed because special training, rather than political preferment, qualifies them.

Winter after winter, for many years, persistent reports have come out of the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming of an appalling mortality among the elk of that region, due to starvation, and by a visit to Jackson's Hole I hoped to learn something of the true extent of the mortality.

In the spring of 1910 I received a personal report that great numbers of elk had also starved to death during the previous winter in the National Forest Reserves in Montana, just north of and adjoining the Yellowstone National Park. These were animals, it was said, belonging to herds reared in the Park in summer, but which naturally resort in winter to the lower altitudes of the forest reserves, when snow becomes too deep in the Park for them to forage a living there.

These reports, it seemed to me, should be investigated, and I proposed to visit the region in question with that in view. Every individual in the United States has a personal interest in the animals inhabiting our national parks, and

if reasonable precaution is not taken for their maintenance and care, and if they are permitted to starve by wholesale, the fact should be known. If every citizen has an interest in our public parks and the animals which they contain, the responsibility also falls upon him to see that his interest is properly looked after. He should turn such influence as he may possess in this direction. He should do his utmost to compel those in authority to offer the fullest possible protection in winter to the dumb creatures which we rear and protect in summer.

It is difficult for us of the East to realize the geographical extent of our West. We are too self-centered. Our average Easterner is a provincial of the most pronounced type. It is not easy, for example, for the typical New York City man to understand that New York City is not the United States, but is simply one of the doorways of a great land, made up of a good many important States, several of which are larger than Great Britain, Spain, or Italy, one larger than the German Empire and the States of New York and Connecticut combined. It is hard for us to realize that we each have an individual interest in the whole of this great land, in its wilderness regions, and in its wild animals.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Taking to the Trail	1
II.	Into the Wilderness	16
III.	Among the Mountains	26
IV.	A Sportsman's Eden	38
V.	In Apache Land	47
VI.	Pigeons and Bear	59
VII.	Over the Mogollon Mesa	71
VIII.	Across the Desert	90
IX.	In the Land of Hopi and Navajo	109
X.	Good-Bye to Arizona	126
XI.	Poplar Trees and Mormon Beards	143
XII.	Where Packhorses were Unknown	163
XIII.	Colorado's Disappearing Game	178
XIV.	The Frontier Once More	197
XV.	Into Wyoming	216
XVI.	A Land of Tragic Memories	229
XVII.	The Great Question in Jackson's Hole	239
XVIII.	Wyoming's Responsibility for Dead Elk	250
XIX.	How the Elk May Be Saved	264
XX.	Sheep, Antelope, and Moose	275
XXI.	The End of the Trail	288

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

A Woodland Idyl . . . . . *Frontispiece*
We bivouacked beneath the pine trees 14
Here we pitched our tents at an altitude of more than 8,000 feet 14
The Apaches are good-natured and fond of a joke 30
Flocks of bleating sheep in charge of silent, listless, Mexican shepherds 34
A hogan, the summer dwelling of the Apache 34
Mr. Chester Houck, the only living ex-sheriff of Navajo county, Arizona 42
Theodore Roosevelt, Apache Indian policeman 58
Moulded into fantastic shapes by ages of erosion 58
Flocks of sheep and goats form the chief sources of livelihood for the Navajo 50
The overflow of one of the springs that supply Tuba . . . 66
A Hopi Indian pueblo 66
A Navajo blanket weaver and her loom 74
A Navajo Indian policeman 74
We were treated to a weird, uncanny spectacle 98
Looking down the cañon from Limestone Tanks—Echo Cliffs are seen in the distance 106
We found ourselves and our outfit safely landed on the North Bank of the Colorado 110
Vermilion Cliffs. 126
Alongside the lines of dancers and directing them were uncostumed old men 126
Watering at McClellan's Tanks 130
House Rock from which House Rock Valley takes its name . 130
At Limestone Tanks we replenished our canteens 138
Kanab Dam, 300 feet long, 50 feet high, built by ranchmen, holds Kanab's prosperity 138
America's best big game 174
Rapidly disappearing denizens of the wild 190

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

The big cats are deadly enemies of our big game 194
Lunching on the shore of Bear Lake near the Utah-Idaho State Line 194
Charles Neil's cabin on Buffalo Fork 202
It was a United States Geological Survey camp. 202
Nearly four inches of snow had fallen during the night . . . 206
Remarkable hot springs in the lower Star Valley, Wyoming . . 206
Below the Preuss Ranch I crossed the line into Wyoming . . 218
The destroyers 218
Booth's Ferry 222
Deposit from the Star Valley hot springs 222
Too many elk and too little forage in Jackson's Hole . . . 226
Seventy elk died around this hay crib in the winter of 1911 . . 234
One fourth of the original herd had starved to death when this photograph was taken in midwinter 242
Within the shelter of some friendly bush the starving elk lie for days 250
The result of a slide on the Gros Ventre 258
Looking toward mountain heights into the valley of the Gros Ventre 258
Elk in Jackson's Hole in the early fall 270
I approached within fifty yards before they noticed me . . . 286
The mountain on the right is gradually sliding down, damming the Gros Ventre River 292
Antelope living in alfalfa fields in Gardiner, Montana . . . 300
Young elk too weak to drag itself across the fence 300

SADDLE AND CAMP IN THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER I

TAKING TO THE TRAIL

IT was late in the afternoon of June twenty-sixth, 1910, when I arrived at Holbrook, Arizona, where I was to begin my long horseback journey through the big game country. I had chosen Holbrook as my outfitting and starting point, because of its central location between the largest primeval forest in the United States and the Apache Indian country to the southward, and a wide stretch of arid but interesting desert, including the Navajo, Hopi, and Paiute Indian reservations to the northward.

With saddle and pack horses as means of transportation, I was first to turn southward

through the great forests into the White Mountains, then westward through the Apache country, and finally in a general northerly course recross the railroad at Winslow, traverse the arid reaches lying between it and Utah, cross the State of Utah, and a corner of Idaho, turn into Wyoming, and thence proceed northward through Yellowstone National Park and into Montana, which I hoped to reach in early November before heavy winter snows blocked the trail.

This journey would carry me through the heart of some of the largest unsettled areas of the West. It would afford me a more or less intimate view of some of our best game country, bring me in contact with hunters, settlers and Indians, and give me an opportunity not only to study the condition of the game itself, but to learn a good deal of local sentiment and the operation of game laws in widely separated sections. Incidentally I should see some of the large cattle ranches, the cowmen, the sheep and the sheepherders, and a good deal of Nature's Wonderland.

Probably because it was not customary for the Limited to stop at Holbrook, the usual assemblage of curious town-folk were not at the station to meet the train when I arrived, and

the sandy street that leads northward past the station was quite deserted. While I stood uncertain in which direction to turn, two young men, spurred and booted, in shirt sleeves and wearing jaunty sombreros, observing my perplexity from a corral opposite good-naturedly came to my assistance.

"I reckon you want a hotel," said one of them, taking possession of my suitcase without further introduction and with a self-reliance and air of proprietorship quite refreshing.

"I reckon I do," I assented, as we turned up the street to the northward.

"Buyin' broncs?" he asked.

"No."

"Steers?"

"No."

"Wool agent?"

"No. I just came to look around."

He was silent for a few yards, then expressed his opinion of my visit in accents of disgust.

"This is a hell of a place to come to just t' look around. Reckon you've had time since the train left t' see most all there is t' see here. It's a plumb lonesome town."

We turned through a gateway over which swung a signboard bearing the legend "Zuck's Hotel" and into the open door of a cottage.

Here he deposited my suitcase in the middle of a living room with the remark:

"Make yourself t' home. Somebody'll show up pretty soon."

I offered him a quarter. "What's that for?" he asked.

"For your services," I replied.

"Nope. Not me. You don't owe me nothin'. That ain't Arizony way. Just make yourself t' home."

I thanked the young men and expressed my appreciation of their hospitality.

Presently Mrs. Zuck, proprietress of the hotel, "turned up" and established me in a comfortable room. She told me she was an Eastern woman and had come West some twenty years before for her health. She was very glad always to meet people from the East, for they seemed like "home folks."

"What part of the East are you from?" I asked.

"Kansas City," she replied.

Few of the hotels in these small Southwestern towns have dining rooms connected with them, but every town has its Chinese, Japanese, or Mexican restaurants. Holbrook has its full quota of them, and at "Chinese Charley's" establishment, reputed the best, I found the serv-

ice very good indeed as to quantity. Charley's clientele was typically Southwestern, and seated about the tables were Mexicans, cowpunchers, wool freighters, and ranchmen.

Holbrook is the county seat of Navajo county, and though its population is but five hundred, it is a town of considerable importance. As towns go, in this thinly settled section of the territory, it holds a position here similar to that of a city of a hundred thousand people in our more thickly populated East. Winslow, on the western border of the county, with a population of two thousand, is the largest town in the county, and the only one that exceeds Holbrook in size. Large railroad shops are situated at Winslow, however, and a considerable proportion of its inhabitants are men employed in the shops and their families, and they are not, therefore, as are the people of Holbrook, permanent residents. The entire population of Navajo county, including Mexicans and a good many Indians, is somewhat less than ten thousand, and its area is considerably greater than the combined areas of the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Holbrook is the center of an extensive cattle and sheep country. Great cattle and sheep ranges lie contiguous to it, stretching over

the semi-arid or forest lands that surround it in a radius of a hundred miles or more. For the most part the cattle ranges are smaller to-day than they were ten years ago, but many of them are still very large. The yearly shipment of steers from Holbrook Station alone is between 10,000 and 15,000 head; of sheep, between 60,000 and 75,000; and the annual shipment of wool reaches $1,500,000 in value.

This region was the scene of many gun fights in the romantic days of not long ago, and survivors of this wild period—the gun men of yesterday—are still to be met at every turn. Indeed the majority of them have not advanced beyond middle age. Even yet a new type of rifle is examined with an eye to its qualities as a "man getter," and back from the railroad it is not uncommon to meet men with big six-shooters hanging in holsters from their belts.

It was in Holbrook that the famous fight took place between Sheriff Commodore Owens (Commodore was his Christian name, not a title) and the notorious Blevens-Cooper gang of desperadoes, ending in the downfall of the latter and the general discouragement of bad men within the county presided over by Owens. Fearless men, handy with the gun, were always

chosen here for the office of sheriff. Owens possessed these qualifications to a high degree. The Blevens-Cooper gang, consisting of four members, had been boldly terrorizing the county for some time. Every one seemed afraid of them. Finally they became so bold as to take up their quarters in Holbrook, the county seat, and made it their base of operations.

Sheriff Owens happened in town one day and learned of their presence. "I've got warrants for those fellows, and I think I'll go get them," said he. There were no volunteers to assist him in his forlorn hope, but many warnings that the desperadoes, who were known to be good gun men, would surely kill him if he attempted to arrest them.

He carried a rifle when he knocked at the door. One of the gang opened, attempted to slam the door when he saw the sheriff, and at the same time sprang back for his six-shooter lying on a table, but died before he reached it. Another—the youngest of the gang—took a pot shot at the sheriff from a doorway, missed, and he, too, immediately ceased to exist. The other two tried to escape, but the sheriff saw them, and while one could count two, both were down. One of these was only wounded. He recovered, served a sentence in prison, and is still living

in the neighborhood, a peaceable citizen. It is said that during the fight Sheriff Owens never once lifted his rifle to his shoulder, but fired every shot from his hip.

Another notorious gang that infested this section not many years ago was known as the Smith gang. Several murders were laid at their door. Finally, after killing a deputy sheriff and a ranchman, who, with two other ranchmen, had cornered them, they left the country, and are supposed now to be in Sonora, Mexico, though I was told by men who claimed to know them that they had seen two members of the gang in Wyoming during the summer of 1909.

Holbrook has several saloons, one church, a school, and a weekly newspaper. The proprietor of the paper, who is also its editor and publisher, sets the type and prints it by hand with the aid of one assistant. The printing office was in the front room of a three-room, unpainted frame building, while the editor occupied the rear rooms as living quarters. The editor was absent at the time of my visit, and a native told me he had just "corralled a wife somewheres south."

Mr. W. H. Clark, local United States Emigration Agent, was good-naturedly editing and publishing the paper while the editor was absent,

incidentally satisfying long pent-up literary ambitions. He was indeed making his mark as editor *pro tem.* Every issue of the paper during his incumbency contained items uncomplimentary to the absent editor and some really remarkable editorials upon various matters, as well as startling and bold comments on local people and local affairs. I never heard what happened when the editor, who had a good deal of pride in the dignity of his paper, returned to resume his chair.

Upon Mr. Clark's recommendation and with his assistance I engaged as guide, John Lewis, a former United States forest ranger and a man particularly well acquainted with the wilderness which I proposed to traverse. Lewis lived on his ranch near Pinedale, a small settlement fifty miles to the southward, and it was arranged that he should meet me in Pinedale two days later, endeavoring in the meantime to secure the horses necessary for our journey.

On the day following my arrival at Holbrook the country was visited by a terrific thunderstorm, accompanied by high wind and a three hours' downpour of rain. Before the storm the bed of the Rio Puerco, which joins the Little Colorado River here, was as dry as ashes; when the rain ceased it was flowing three feet

deep, though I was told that two rainless days would turn it again into a dry, dusty, sand wash. This was the first shower for many weeks, and the whole country was parched and burned before its advent. The rainy period is expected to begin in the first week in July, and in normal seasons one may then look for almost daily showers until its close.

Warm as the days may be, the evenings are always cool in central and northern Arizona. The shower left the atmosphere clear and balmy, the clean-washed trees and foliage in the door yards, nurtured by irrigation, perfumed the evening air, the mocking birds sang tempestuously, and far out over the western stretch of sand the sun sank in a bed of misty yellow.

Surrounding Holbrook is a tract embracing several thousands of square miles of uninhabited and for the most part arid territory. This desert was formerly the feeding ground of large herds of antelope, and a few years ago the traveler riding over it in nearly any direction was very certain to encounter considerable numbers of them. Nowadays one is particularly fortunate to see two or three, or perhaps half a dozen, stragglers in the course of several days' ride. Hunters destroyed them when they

were plentiful, without regard to needs, and until quite recently the law offered the animals no protection. Even now, though antelope are perpetually protected by law, not many natives will let pass an opportunity to kill them.

I had engaged a man to take me to Pinedale, and at eight o'clock on the morning following the storm, in a light rig drawn by a pair of able horses, we turned into the road across the southern desert. The sun was fearfully hot, the country through which we drove a gently rising plain of sand and sagebrush, with no other visible life than rapidly moving lizards and chameleons, sluggish horned toads, or an occasional jack rabbit, which scurried away at our approach, or sat in fancied safety behind a bit of low brush, his long ears overtopping his hiding place and betraying his presence. Once or twice heavily laden freighters were met, with cargoes of wool from distant ranches, slowly and toilsomely winding their way to the railroad. Each outfit consisted of two ponderous wagons, one hitched behind the other, drawn by six jaded horses, urged forward by a driver mounted upon the off-wheel animal.

I was glad indeed when Snowflake, a small Mormon settlement, a green oasis in the desert, was sighted shortly after noon, for here we were

to halt for an hour to feed our horses and refresh ourselves.

Upon leaving Snowflake, juniper, scrub oaks and stunted pine brush were encountered, and with each mile, as we proceeded, this scrubby growth increased in size until presently it attained the dignity of trees, suggestive of the forest we were approaching and were soon to enter.

At Taylor, another small Mormon settlement, five miles beyond Snowflake, we were fortunate enough to discover for sale a plump little six-year-old sorrel saddle pony, weighing about eight hundred pounds, warranted sound, tough enough to carry me over rough trails indefinitely, and thoroughly tamed. This last qualification was, in my estimation, by no means the least of the pony's virtues. I had heard much of the bucking broncos of Arizona and had entertained a fear of being sent sprawling down some rocky trail by an ill-broken or over-playful animal; and I was never ambitious to distinguish myself as a "bronco buster."

Many times I had been warned to beware by men who had innocently and unwittingly been lured by practical jokers to mount broncos addicted to bucking. Therefore, on a level road I tried the pony out, even mounting him with

nothing but a rope around his neck and without bit. Amiable as he appeared, the white showed very prominently in a corner of each eye, and this led me to be suspicious that he might possess questionable traits. He proved, however, to be active, fearless, and gentle as a kitten, and I purchased him.

Button was my pony's name. It developed that he had a great deal of individuality, and I shall refer to him again, for we became very much attached to each other and were constant companions during my entire journey. Like all the horses of this region, he began life as a wild horse on the open range, and, until he was roped and made captive, foraged his living, winter and summer, without the care of man and as free as the wild deer of the hills he roamed.

At five o'clock in the evening we entered the quaint little frontier village of Pinedale—a day's drive of nearly half a hundred miles. Pinedale has a population of seventy-seven. With the exception of one roomy frame dwelling, the houses, scattered among the pines, are primitive log cabins, with immense stone chimneys plastered with mud.

The frame dwelling is the home of Mormon Bishop E. M. Thomas, and here I found wel-

come and entertainment for the night, with one other guest, a Mr. Searle, a young geologist making scientific studies in the vicinity, with a view to the location of underground water supplies that might be utilized for irrigation.

Shortly after our arrival, John Lewis, my guide, appeared. He had arranged with a nearby ranchman to bring horses to the village the next morning for our inspection, but when at the appointed time this ranchman and another came in with animals, the prices asked were so exorbitant that Lewis declined to consider them. The men had learned of my coming and my need and had decided to take advantage of the opportunity to reap a harvest from a tenderfoot.

Fortunately I had secured "Button," and as Lewis had a fine young saddle horse of his own, we required but one other as a pack animal; for our entire outfit, including tent, bedding, and food, did not much exceed one hundred pounds in weight. A consultation was held, and it was decided to retreat to Taylor in the hope of securing a suitable pony in that more populous settlement.

It was past noon when Taylor was reached. A canvass of the town was made, and presently a clownish little white pony was offered us at

We Bivouacked Beneath the Pine Trees.

Here We Pitched Our Tents at an Altitude of More Than 8,000 Feet.

a reasonable price. We were uncertain of the pony's powers of endurance, but finally purchased him with the hope that he would answer our purpose until we reached the Apache reservation, where John felt certain we could secure a better qualified animal. This pony had a large "W" branded on his left shoulder, which suggested to John that "William" would be an appropriate name for him, and this he was dubbed, though he quickly learned to answer to Bill and Billy as well.

Thus our outfit was completed, and at five o'clock on the afternoon of June thirtieth we rode out of Taylor, glad to be finally in the saddle and on the trail.

CHAPTER II

INTO THE WILDERNESS.

OUR evening's ride carried us through the characteristic arid land lying below the timbered region, the greater part of it incapable of agricultural development because of no known water supply for irrigation. It is said that not much more than five per cent of Arizona is adapted to agriculture, because of insufficient water to irrigate, but it is probable that much of that now deemed practically valueless will some day be watered and tilled through the discovery of subterranean springs.

At sunset we rode into Shumway, a little frontier settlement lying in a depression in the hills, where the water of a small brook irrigates two hundred or so acres of land which the settlers have brought under a high state of cultivation.

Shumway, like nearly all of the far-scattered hamlets and villages in this part of Arizona, is a Mormon settlement and derives its name from a family named Shumway, who emigrated here from Long Valley, in southern Utah, nearly thirty years ago. To the traveler of to-day, this seems a frontier, far from civilization, but thirty years ago, before the railroad was built, it was indeed a frontier, and the emigrants who came in prairie schooners traversed many hundreds of miles of burning naked desert to reach it.

We drew up before the largest and most pretentious of the half dozen cabins that make up the hamlet, and were greeted by Mr. W. G. Shumway, one of the original pioneers of the place. Mr. Shumway knew John and offered us the hospitality of his home and forage for our horses for the night. The open range lying about the settlement gave small promise of pasture for the animals, and we were glad to accept.

That evening Mr. Shumway told us of the privations of the settlers during the first winters —how they had come into the country with depleted stores, and hunted deer and antelope while building their cabins, that they might vary with venison an otherwise continuous diet

of barley, filled with dirt and grit, the only food they possessed, which they ground in mortars for bread, or sometimes cooked whole.

"But times have changed," said he, "since the railroad came. The young folks don't appreciate it. They think they've got it hard. We used to have to drive the two hundred and twenty-five miles to Albuquerque to get anything we couldn't raise or make ourselves, and then weren't sure of getting it, and we never had a newspaper. Now we've got the railroad right at our door, down to Holbrook, and we can get most anything there. All we got to do is hitch up and drive over. And they print a paper there once a week that gives us the news."

Holbrook is fifty miles away! But in this country fifty miles is not far, and a settler so near a railroad considers himself fortunate.

"Deer were always plentiful here until within two or three years ago," said Mr. Shumway. "Until then we frequently saw them from the cabin door, and we could get a piece of meat almost any time. But recently, for some reason, they rarely come down, and it's necessary to go to the mountains to hunt them."

A dozen miles beyond Shumway we rode through Show Low, a collection of miserable log and adobe cabins, very parched and pov-

erty stricken in appearance. Down through the little valley in which the village stands flows Show Low Creek, whose waters are diverted to irrigate the small surrounding ranches. Some twenty years ago Show Low formed part of the one-time extensive cattle ranch and range of Cooley and Huning, and here the main ranch-house was situated. The village and creek received their names from a game of seven-up played between the partners with the ranch as the stake. Later I met Mr. Cooley, and he told me the true story of this memorable game of cards.

"Huning and I were playing a game of seven-up," said he, "to see who should make bread for supper and wash the dishes, for we had no cook at the time. We stood five to six in Huning's favor. Seven, you know, is the game. Diamonds were trumps. On the last hand I drew the ace and the tray. I banked on the deuce being still in the deck, the ace counted one, and if Huning didn't hold the deuce the tray was low and the game was mine.

" 'Make the game worth while,' says I. 'Let it be ten thousand dollars or the ranch.'

" 'It's a go,' said Huning.

"I covered the center spot on my tray. " 'Now,' said I, 'show low and it's yours.'

"And, damn him, he showed the deuce and won."

Huning later disposed of the land in small parcels to Mormon settlers, and the hamlet grew up around the old ranchhouse. It is now a post-office, on the mail stage route to Fort Apache, the latter ninety miles from Holbrook, the nearest railway point.

The sun beat down with an intense heat and the sand through which the horses plodded fetlock-deep reflected the rays with dazzling brightness. Chameleons scurried away into the sage brush as we passed, and now and again a frightened jack rabbit scampered across the trail. We halted to eat our luncheon under the shade of a small tree by the muddy waters of an irrigation ditch in Show Low, and, our horses and ourselves refreshed, rode forward on a steadily rising grade, presently to enter the great pine forests higher up.

Here was delightful contrast to the sandy, parched desert through which we had been passing. The trees stood tall and straight, reaching up toward the blue and cloudless heavens and casting a grateful shade. Beneath lay an even carpet of pine needles, unobstructed by brush or thicket, and the atmosphere was sweet with forest perfumes. Innumerable gray squirrels

darted here and there, or sat up to watch us as we passed. Once some cowboys hailed us, and we stopped to chat for a few moments where they were dismounted in a shady nook.

At sunset we entered Pinetop, a small collection of log cabins scattered among the pines, and halted to let our ponies drink while we filled our canteens, and added a few simple necessities to our supply of provisions at the village store, for this was the last outpost of civilization that we should encounter for many days. We were to turn now into the broken region of the White Mountains.

Good forage was found for the horses a mile beyond Pinetop, and here we bivouacked beneath the pine trees. The horses were hobbled and turned loose. The canteens furnished water for coffee, and its appetizing odor, mingled with that of frying bacon—a combination of odors that surpasses anything else in the realm of outdoor cookery—was soon suggesting a delicious meal. And then, in the twilight, we sat by the camp-fire, cozy and comfortable as the evening chill came on, and smoked and chatted, or listened to the night sounds of the wilderness. At this, our first camp, we did not trouble to pitch a tent—we rarely did on the trip—but spread our beds under the open sky, where we could

lie and watch the stars, so low that tall pine tops seemed almost to touch them, until sleep claimed us.

When we arose at daybreak John's horse and Billy were grazing nearby, but Button was nowhere to be seen. Everywhere we searched for him, but he had vanished. We saddled the two horses and rode back to Pinetop to inquire whether anyone had observed the runaway passing through the settlement. No one had seen him and the man who kept the little store assured us that he had certainly not passed that way.

Then John resorted to woodcraft and proceeded to search for tracks of a hobbled horse. Presently he discovered the trail where Button had cut around the village to avoid detection and turned into the main trail again, some distance below. This trail he followed for several miles and finally overtook Button, as he expressed it, "hitting out for Taylor as though the devil was after him."

Button's escapade delayed us half a day, and it was well in the afternoon when we reached the Cooley ranch—the Cooley of Show Low fame. The ranch is a large one, situated on the Apache Indian reservation. Mr. Cooley has an Apache wife, and through this connection

with the tribe enjoys the special privilege of ranching within reservation bounds. Cooley himself has long held a strong influence over the Apaches. At the time of the Geronimo war he induced considerable numbers of them to refrain from going on the warpath. These neutrals he drew together on his ranch and kept them there in peace until the war was ended.

Now and again, as we rode, prowling coyotes were seen, innumerable gray squirrels ran hither and thither, and an occasional startled rabbit dashed away. Though this is an excellent deer country in the autumn, the deer had now retired to better watered regions, and no fresh signs were observed.

Our trail led us gradually into higher altitudes and through a well-timbered forest of magnificent pine, with now and again wide, grassy open spaces. These grass-covered parks are natural feeding grounds for elk, and formerly this whole region was well stocked with them. This was one of the ranges of Merriam's elk (*Cervus merriami*). Merriam's elk had antlers straighter at the tips, and a broader, more massive skull, than either the *Cervus canadensis,* the elk now inhabiting Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, or the *Cervus occidentalis,* found in northern California, Oregon, and Washington,

with darker nose and redder head and legs than the former, but not so dark as the latter. Hunters in the White Mountain region—cattlemen, sheepmen, Indians armed with modern repeating rifles—have played sad havoc with these elk, but it was said a band of them still inhabited the region.

I wished to ascertain whether any in fact survived, and, if so, how many, and to gather some estimate of the ranges still open to them, both for winter and summer feeding. While elk formerly roamed over the Mogollon Mesa, as well as here, I was well aware that the Mogollon Mesa elk had either migrated or all been killed, and that if any remained in Arizona they were to be found in the White Mountains. We were now coming upon magnificent ranges, in perhaps the finest and most admirably adapted country for elk on the continent—wild, secluded, and beyond the probability of settlement for a long while to come, and had high hopes that some indication of the presence of elk might be observed.

Two days after leaving Pinetop we turned into a gulch through which flows the head waters of the west fork of the White River, and here pitched our tent. We were now well up in the mountains, at an altitude of more than

eight thousand feet, and the water was clear and cold. John assured me that this was one of the best trout streams in Arizona, and we determined to try our luck.

CHAPTER III

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

OUR tent was pitched upon a level spot, with a thinly timbered grassy slope rising behind. Before us the cold, clear river, winding through a deep gulch, poured down with much noise over a rocky bed. On the opposite side of the river—it was only a creek here, for we were not far from its head—a steep, forest-clad mountain rose from the water's edge. The atmosphere, dry and invigorating, at an altitude of above eight thousand feet, was redolent with the perfume of the great pine wilderness, stretching far away in every direction, and, with the noisy stream, offered delightful contrast to the waterless and barren tracts we had traversed in the lower country.

Our horses hobbled and turned into knee-deep

grass and all made snug about camp, we determined upon trout for supper, if trout were to be had, and John had given me his assurance that the river was "plumb full of them." His enthusiasm, indeed, had prepared me for some of the most wonderful trout fishing of my experience.

John had never used artificial flies and he examined mine with critical interest and undisguised skepticism as to their probable adequacy in luring trout. Finally he found one that "looked as though it *might* fool the fish," and accepted it. His faith, however, was pinned to grasshoppers, and to insure success, in case the fly failed him, he selected some snelled hooks. Then cutting himself a "pole," he turned downstream, while I, with my steel fly rod, ascended the river.

From the first pool in which I cast I landed three, with a brown hackle; from the next pool three more. That was all. Pool after pool I whipped and tried nearly every fly in my collection, but not another rise could I get. I remembered John's suggestion as to grasshoppers, but determined to take no fish I could not lure with an artificial fly, for I was angling for sport rather than numbers.

The sun had dropped behind the hills, and

the dusk of evening was gathering when I returned to camp, to find John by the river side cleaning his afternoon's catch, which numbered eighteen.

"I tried that made-up fly," he explained, "but it wouldn't go. They wanted grasshoppers, and I gave 'em grasshoppers. I'd have caught more," he added apologetically, "but after I'd been out half an hour I felt in my bones something was going plumb wrong in camp, and I came up to look the outfit over. That little devil Button was gone. I caught him a mile away, hitting it up for Taylor like a spark out of hell. I brought him back and picketed him to a stake, and before I was out of sight he had pulled the stake up and was off again. Now, I've got him picketed to a pine that I reckon he won't move."

Button, the little rascal, picketed with a lasso to a pine tree, looked very forlorn and restless. Evidently he was to prove a source of annoyance, with his tendency to return, upon every opportunity that offered, to his old home. Unless forage is very good indeed, a picketed horse will not find sufficient food within the compass of a rope length to keep him in working condition for long, and naturally we desired our horses to have free range, for if they were to

make the journey we had planned for them it was requisite that they should feed well.

Bright and early the following morning we were on the stream again. The trout were now ravenous for flies, and in less than two hours I returned to camp with a long string, averaging between eight and twelve inches in length. I concluded that John would do equally well with his favorite grasshoppers and that we should have, with our combined catch, all that we could use. He had gone beyond a beaver dam a mile below camp.

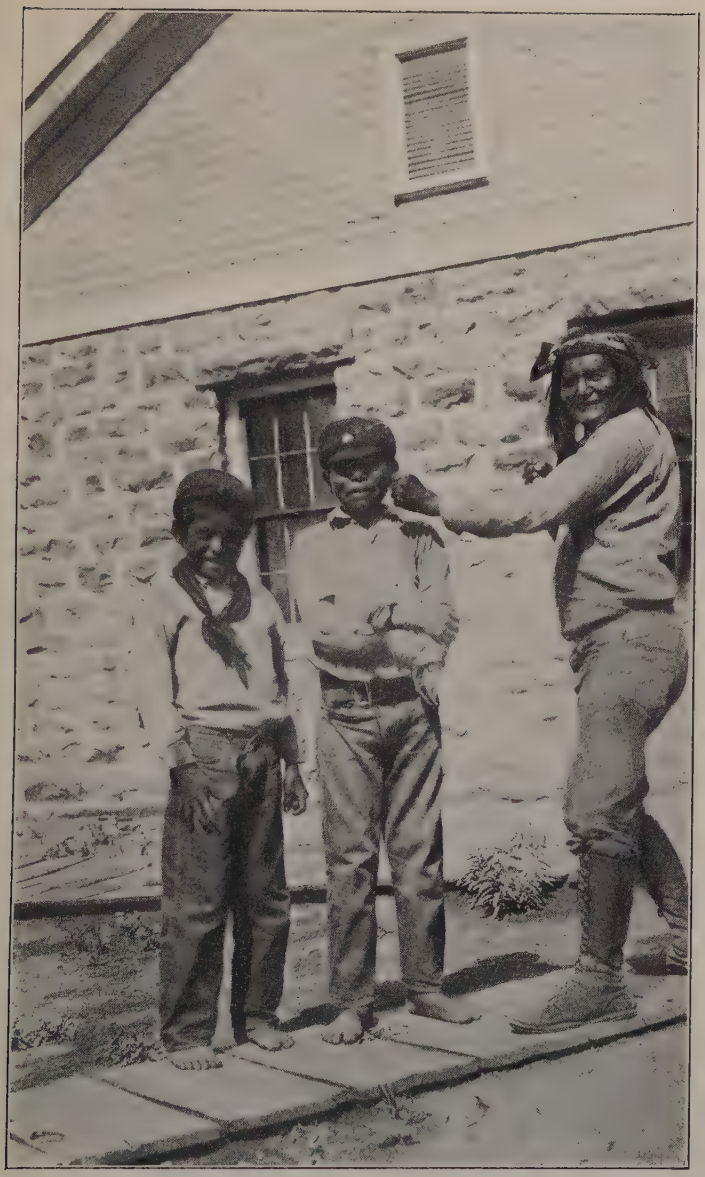
It was noon when John appeared, loaded down with trout. We had so many between us, in fact, that to save them we were compelled to split the largest and dry them by suspending them over a smudge. In the dry atmosphere of Arizona fish may be cured in a few hours by this method, without salting, and will remain sweet and good indefinitely. The trout which we dried proved a very welcome relish later, when we were in arid regions farther to the westward.

From the West Fork our trail carried us with a gradual rise through mountain glens and majestic pine forests, across an open range where cattle grazed in hundreds, and once past thousands of bleating sheep in charge of silent, list-

less Mexican shepherds. Although these latter appeared to be lounging away an existence without occupation, they nevertheless had the sheep under their watchful eyes, keeping them within bounds and guarding them against coyotes, which we frequently saw in the distance, skulking for prey, or jaguars, inhabiting mountain ravines and cañons, which one never sees but which silently steal out in the night to destroy cattle and sheep. Once we saw some cowboys in the distance with pack horses laden with camp supplies, trailing in from St. Johns.

A noon halt was made one day by a spring that bubbled, cool and refreshing, near the top of a gentle slope and sent a rivulet flowing down through a wooded glen into a valley below. A hundred yards above the spring, at the edge of the timber, a wide, grassy plain stretched far away, to the eastward. A few hundred yards south of the spring, on a bit of rising ground, was a large corral, now disused and falling into decay The corral once belonged to a great cattle ranch, and the grassy plain was part of the range.

Here, at the edge of the timber, above the spring, one of the nerviest gun fights in the history of Arizona took place some five or six years ago. For several years two well-known



The Apaches are Good-Natured and Fond of a Joke.

cattlemen had held the range in common. They were very good friends until one day a misunderstanding led to hard words and ended in the two opening fire upon each other at close range with 30-30 rifles. One of them fell, but continued firing, at the same time crawling behind a pine. The other emptied his rifle into the tree, in the hope that the bullets would pass through it and reach the man behind it, whose rifle had been emptied. Then he advanced, broke his rifle-stock over the head of the man on the ground, staggered back, and sitting down where he could see his apparently dead antagonist, exclaimed:

"You got me, you ——— ——— ——— ——————— ———, but I got you, too," and in a few minutes died. He had two soft-nosed 30-30 bullets not an inch apart and just under his heart, and they were evidently the first two shots fired by the other, whose aim after he was down had gone wild.

The assembled cowboys, believing both dead, put them into a wagon and started for St. Johns with the bodies. Presently the one with battered head showed signs of life. In spite of bullets and battering, he recovered and is still living in the country. I met him during my journey and found him one of the most

genial, hospitable gentlemen it has been my fortune to know in all the West. He spoke of the fight incidentally and told me that while the other man was a splendid fellow normally, he had a fearful temper, was an old-time gunman, too quick and ready to shoot, and "when it came to a showdown I was forced to use my gun in self-defense or be killed."

It was not far from here that the Smith gang of outlaws had a battle with a deputy sheriff and three cowboys. The sheriff and his party had been looking for the Smiths all day. It was twilight when they topped a ridge and discovered the outlaws cooking supper in a ravine on the opposite side. The Smiths saw the deputy sheriff's party at the same time, and all hands took to rocks for cover. The men below had the advantage, for they were in a hollow and in a shadow, while the others were on the crest of the ridge which stood in sharp silhouette against the sky.

Presently the deputy sheriff indiscreetly showed his head and was killed, and a few minutes later one of the cowboys fell. The odds were hopelessly against the two remaining ones, Peterson and Barrett by name, and they withdrew. The following day a new posse was organized to follow the outlaws, but they escaped.

Barrett was later killed in a duel, but Peterson still lives in the neighborhood of St. Johns.

Previous to this encounter Barrett, a fearless gun fighter, received warning that one of the Smiths would shoot him on sight. A few days later at a turn of the trail he came face to face with two of the Smiths, one the man that had sent him the warning. They drew their horses up a few yards apart.

"Well," said Smith, "I suppose you got my message?"

"I did," replied Barrett, "and here I am. Now if you gents want to shoot, go ahead. Maybe two of you can get me, but I'll sure get one of you"

Barrett had a reputation for quick and accurate work with his six-shooter and the Smiths knew it.

"Hell!" exclaimed the man that had sent the challenge, and they rode on.

One of our night camps was on the headwaters of the Little Colorado River, clear, cold, and alive with jumping trout. The traveler who has seen this stream winding its way across the Navajo desert, thick with mud and so foul horses will not drink its waters, would scarcely believe it a pure and beautiful stream at its source. But like all the streams rising in

springs fed by the snowbanks of these rugged peaks of the White Mountains, this is the case. We were here, on the lower rises of Ord and Thomas Peaks (the latter locally known as "Old Baldy"), at an altitude of 9,500 feet. At timber line, reaching up on the bald summit of Baldy, the snowbanks lay, gradually melting under the heat of a July sun. We could see them constantly during the days we were circling the mountain and often halted, sweltering in the terrific midday heat below, to look longingly toward them, reaching far up above the timber line.

Big Lake, which is, in fact, a rather small lake, lies not far to the southeast of Ord and Thomas Peaks, and here we loitered nearly a day reconnoitering the surroundings. Big Lake is a breeding place for ducks and was literally alive with mother birds and their young, chiefly mallards and teal, though there were other varieties as well. The lake was very low, and a wide expanse of grass-covered mire, which separated it from the mainland and was too deep and soft to cross, prevented close observation, though with the assistance of binoculars we were able to see the ducks very well from the solid shore. I was told that in early spring and late autumn a great many geese are to be seen here also.

Flocks of Bleating Sheep in Charge of Silent, Listless, Mexican Shepherds.

A Hogan, the Summer Dwelling of the Apaches.

Big Lake lies at an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet above sea level and has practically a northern Canadian climate. Even at this mid-summer season we experienced hoar frost the night we camped upon its shores. Directly surrounding the lake is a semi-barren stretch, punctured with innumerable prairie-dog holes, over which could be seen many prowling coyotes looking for prey.

Here was the headquarters of the one-time famous S. U. outfit, an immense cattle ranch, and on the east side of the lake rise two knolls known as the S. U. knolls. The ranch buildings and corrals have fallen to decay.

This is not far from the territorial boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico, and directly east of us rose the San Francisco range and north of us the rugged and picturesque Escudilla Peaks. Our trail carried us to the edge of the Prieto Plateau, then northward again into a magnificently timbered and well-watered region, where we rose from pine to spruce and quaking aspens. Here were innumerable fresh deer tracks, and once we came upon the newly made track of a large bear. Spruce grouse, too, are quite plentiful after one reaches the line of spruce trees, and many turkey feathers told us we were in a wild turkey country.

Our trail turned down the bed of a dry brooklet, which, fed by springs, presently became a running rivulet and at length a creek. We were upon the headwaters of Black River, a tributary of Salt River. It derives its name from the fact that the flowing water appears as black as ink, though upon dipping a cupful it was found to be as clear as crystal. Mineral deposits have stained the boulders and sand of the creek bed black. Near Thomas Peak are great lava beds, said to be a full three thousand feet in thickness.

Our trail several days before had carried us out of the White River Apache Indian Reservation, but here we entered it again as we circled Thomas Peak and cut across to Reservation Creek, where, while we halted for a noon rest, we caught our dinner of trout. In our search for elk and other game signs, we wished to work well in upon Old Baldy. With this in view we turned northwesterly, and presently found ourselves entangled in a series of ridges, deep gulches, and rugged cañon defiles, every ridge covered with such a maze of fallen timber that it was with the greatest difficulty we were able to maintain our course or maneuver our horses.

Steadily we rose to higher altitudes, working our way through the network of fallen tree trunks, over rocks, and ascending slopes where

it seemed at times impossible that the horses could keep their equilibrium; or dropping over what seemed almost sheer walls, John in the lead carefully picking the way. At length, when we had attained an altitude of upwards of twelve thousand feet, we had a practically unobstructed view of the Baldy's summit and were very close to the snow banks.

For two days we had observed smoke rising over the peaks. Here at this high point we were near enough to a forest fire to see tongues of flame sweep up tall trees to the eastward and below us; and over the ridges great clouds of smoke hung, dark and ominous.

CHAPTER IV

A SPORTSMAN'S EDEN

OUR course was now directed toward Fort Apache. We had made an almost complete circuit of Ord and Thomas Peaks and seen much of the adjacent wilderness since reaching the West Fork of the White River. As a result of our observations and inquiries among cowmen, forest rangers, soldiers, and Indians who visit the region, I may say most positively that in spite of what was told me at Holbrook and elsewhere, not one elk remains in the White Mountains of Arizona, and I am satisfied that not one wild elk remains in Arizona, for it is conceded that there are none on the Mogollon Mesa. From the information which I gathered, there is no doubt the last elk was killed, or the last remnant of the herds that once occupied the region migrated eastward,

never to return, five or six years ago. No elk and no signs of elk have been seen here within that period, according to reputable native observers.

And what a shame this is! Here lie thousands of square miles of country admirably adapted to elk, in addition to other game animals, capable of maintaining large herds, and yet unutilized. This is an example of our thoughtless waste in the past and our heedlessness of the future. Had the government taken moderate care to preserve the animals, there might still have been here a permanent herd sufficiently large to supply an annual increase that would permit a reasonable open hunting season each year.

Even yet it would not seem too great a task to restock these ranges with a small nucleus herd, but it would be quite useless to do so unless the government were to establish a stricter surveillance than at present. There is practically no restraint upon poaching in Arizona. Animals and birds are killed out of season, and those who kill them have little or no fear of punishment and rarely are punished.

It was particularly gratifying to discover unmistakable evidence that a small band of mountain sheep still inhabits Baldy. I was also as-

sured by several men who claimed to have seen them a few months before my visit that mountain sheep also survive in the Four Peaks, on the Arizona-New Mexico line, south of Ord Peak, though probably few in number. These mountains are well adapted to this, the finest of our game animals, and it is to be hoped that poachers will permit them to increase.

Other species of game are fairly plentiful here. There are a good many deer, chiefly black tail, but also a few white tail, and a few silver tip bears, as well as the small black or brown bear.

Wild turkeys are very plentiful in the region west of the two peaks. On a single morning we saw three large flocks within a period of two hours. Turkey feathers were common at every turn. A superstition prohibits the Apaches from killing turkeys, and they are therefore only interfered with by white hunters, though of course many of them are destroyed by the big cats.

Predatory animals, such, for instance, as cats and mountain lions, are over numerous, and they undoubtedly prey to a very large extent upon game animals and birds. To hunt them, however, or to hunt bears successfully in this broken country, one must have the assistance of a good

pack of well-trained dogs, as well as be prepared to do some rough work on horseback.

This, indeed, is one of the most attractive regions for the sportsman in the United States. An ample open season is offered, and for deer and turkey hunting it is unsurpassed, while every stream of the White Mountains is abundantly stocked with trout. The fish are comparatively small, to be sure, but they are plentiful enough to satisfy the most ambitious angler. A superstition similar to that which prevents Apaches killing turkeys also prevents their killing fish, though the younger generation of Indians is breaking away from it and some of them angle for trout.

Our trail led us across many cañons. Each cañon has its stream, and all of them are trout streams. Among these may be mentioned Paradise, Apachita, Little Bonita, and Big Bonita creeks, to say nothing of numerous unnamed brooks, all tributaries of the Black or White Rivers. At midday and evening they supplied us with our meals.

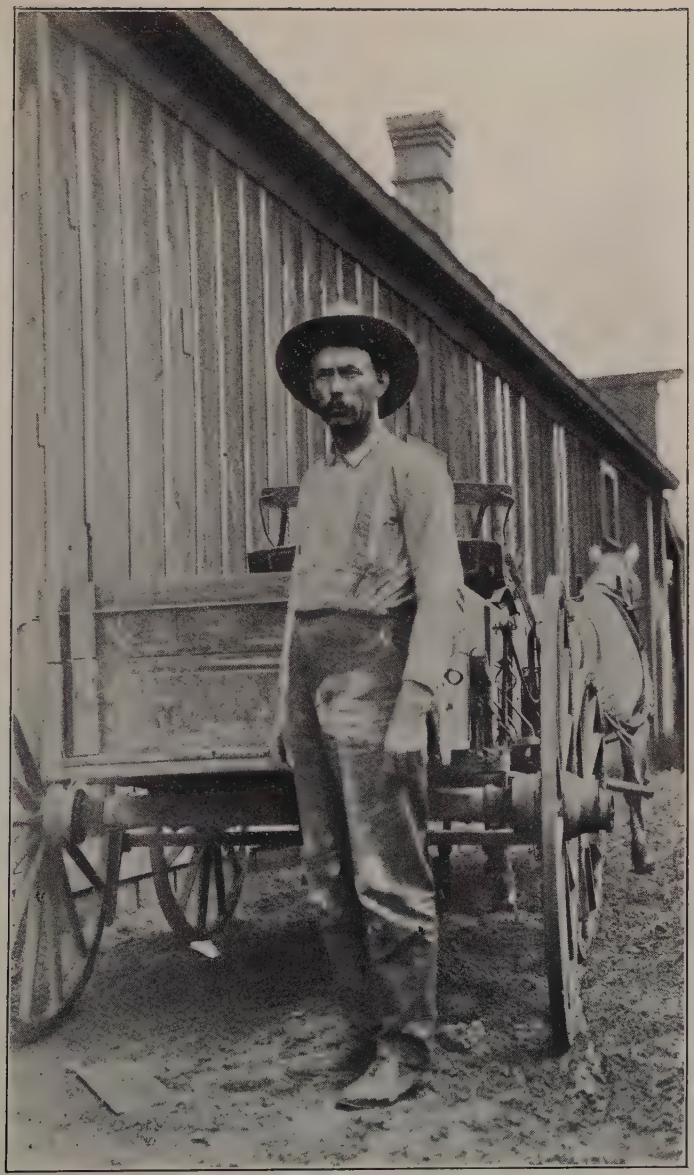
Referring to the Apache superstition against catching fish—and I may add against killing any bird that catches fish—and the fact that the younger generation is breaking away from the superstition, we met a party of five mounted

bucks, all young fellows, bound for the Big Bonita on an angling expedition. These Apaches were the first human beings we had seen in six days.

This is, indeed, a magnificent stretch of rugged wilderness, and the remembrance of my experiences in its great primordial pine forests, untouched by lumberman's ax, its scenery unsurpassed for variety and tone, its invigorating air, its rushing streams, its days and nights of marvelous beauty, will remain with me as something worth while.

On the morning that we met the Apaches we had come upon a blazed trail, which the Indians informed us led directly to Fort Apache, which they estimated as eighteen miles distant. An hour after meeting them, when we halted at noon on Little Bonita creek, I took occasion to bathe, shave, and don clean clothing in anticipation of our entrance that evening upon the semi-civilization of the fort. But our hopes, as always when one pins one's faith upon an Indian's estimate of distance, were doomed to disappointment.

We rode steadily until the afternoon was half spent, when suddenly we broke out upon a high point, below which the trail dropped abruptly into a deep cañon, and from a rocky bluff had



Mr. Chester Houck, the Only Living Ex-Sheriff of Navajo County, Arizona.

our first view of Kelly's Butte, a remarkable landmark to the westward of Fort Apache. From the pine-clad wilderness where we stood we looked down upon a wide range of country, with stretches of verdureless, sand-piled desert, the picturesque landscape meeting the sky far to the westward in an opalescent haze.

Kelly's Butte did not seem far away. The uninitiated in Arizona travel would scarcely have estimated it at more than five miles, but distances in this transparent atmosphere are very deceptive and one cannot judge them by ordinary methods. I have seen mountains here that did not seem ten miles away, but were, in fact, a full fifty; and others that I should scarcely have placed at more than twenty, but were as a matter of fact more than a hundred. One may travel toward a given object all day and apparently not diminish its distance in the least.

We descended into the cañon and presently came upon a forest rangers' cabin near a brook. The rangers, D. B. Rudd and Benton Rogers, typical Arizona frontiermen and two of the tallest, lankiest men I have ever seen, greeted us cordially, after the manner of wilderness dwellers, and invited us to camp with them. The stream, they informed us, was Rock Creek, and fifteen miles from the fort. To reach Fort

Apache that night was quite out of the question, and we accepted the invitation.

We had traveled full fifteen miles after meeting the Indians. This was a repetition of my experience with northern tribes. Indians are absolutely incapable of estimating distance by the white man's standard. A mile means nothing to them, and their maps, as a gauge of distance, are absolutely unreliable.

Our horses hobbled and turned loose to graze in the cañon—this was in fact the junction of three cañons—we joined Rudd and Rogers at the door of their rude quarters. It was a single room affair constructed by the men themselves with no other implements than a hammer and axe, and of no other materials than those to be found in the surrounding forest.

Presently an open fire was lighted and in a little while a delicious supper of hot biscuits—baked in a "Dutch oven"—bacon, potatoes, canned tomatoes, and coffee were steaming on a table under the trees. To John and me these were luxuries, for since leaving Shumway our diet had consisted of trout, bacon, and squaw bread.

The meal disposed of and dishes washed, we sat under the tall pines around the camp-fire smoking and chatting while a gorgeous Arizona

sunset faded into twilight and a million stars were born to light the heavens. We told the rangers of the forest fire on Baldy, and while we spread our beds upon the ground they made preparations for an early morning start to fight the Baldy fire.

Forest rangers furnish their own saddle and pack horses and as a general rule have excellent animals, well cared for and particularly adapted for the rugged mountain work that they are called upon to perform. The ranger's equipment, when he is on more or less extended duty, consists of tents, blankets, several days' provisions, cooking utensils, axes, ropes, a rifle, and usually a six-shooter. Each man has one pack horse besides his saddle horse. When he is on light patrol duty, however, all his equipment and rations are taken on his saddle, and he is able to carry several days' rations in this way, for he eliminates tent and all equipment not absolutely essential, for comfort must often be sacrificed to weight and speed.

We left Rudd and Rogers, packing and saddling up, shortly after daybreak the next morning, and wound our way down Rock Creek Cañon and across country to White River Cañon, following the river down as its cañon widened into a valley.

The previous day we were riding in forests of spruce and quaking aspens. Our descent had carried us through pines and live oaks, where foliage and climatic conditions were as different as though separated by a thousand miles. In the White River valley fields of Apache corn, wheat, and alfalfa filled all the space capable of irrigation. Government farmers are teaching the Indians agriculture and instructing them in irrigation, with the result that some of them are fairly successful in raising crops. Here and there were groups of hogans, with children playing around them, women were working in cornfields, and now and again a mounted buck, watching his cattle, dashed along at a canter. This is the Indian's pace—always a canter, keeping the pony to it with a quirt.

Bill became very weary under his pack, and we were compelled to travel at a slow walk to suit his gait. Once he lay down, and it seemed unlikely that we should be able to reach Fort Apache that day with him. But we plodded on and at one o'clock in the afternoon had the satisfaction of entering the post.

CHAPTER V

IN APACHE LAND

THE Fort Apache military post is situated a little north and east of the center of the White Mountain Apache Reservation, ninety-five miles from Holbrook. A daily mail and passenger stage in either direction connects the two points; each stage, starting at three o'clock in the afternoon and making no stops except to change horses, is due to arrive at the other terminal at eight o'clock the next morning. At the time of our visit Troops F and H of the Eighth Cavalry were stationed here, with a captain as post commander.

The post is maintained rather for its moral influence upon the Indians than because of any danger of warlike outbreaks, and it has become a question with the military authorities whether the expense of its maintenance is longer war-

ranted. The government, in fact, has done little or nothing toward improvement of late years and has expended only enough in the way of repairs upon the old barracks and buildings to keep them in habitable condition, doubtless anticipating the abandonment of the post at a not far distant day. There is a general feeling, however, among soldiers stationed here and among civilians living in and near the reservation that were the restraint of troops withdrawn the Indians would become restless and perhaps commit depredations upon neighboring ranches.

The White Mountain Reservation is divided into two agencies, the White River Agency in the north, and the San Carlos in the south, and embraces a territory ninety-five miles from its northern to its southern boundary, and seventy miles from its eastern to its western. The San Carlos Agency in the south has a population of approximately three thousand, while the White River Agency, according to the 1910 census, has twenty-eight hundred.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the previous census showed a population of only 2,425 Indians in the White River Agency. The latest census therefore discloses an increase, since the previous census, of 375. This refers to Indians alone. Thus, while our Indians in general

are decreasing, excepting the Navajos, who are increasing rapidly, the White River Agency Indians prove a decided exception to the rule.

This increase is not the result of accessions from other agencies or reservations, but the natural excess of births over deaths and is doubtless largely, if not wholly, due to the fact that the Indians here live practically in the open, still clinging to their old-time hogans for such shelter from the elements as they require—habitations that permit always of free circulation of air. When the time comes, as it doubtless will sooner or later, when they adopt the white man's closed cabin, tubercular infection will come to carry them off, as in the case of so many of the other tribes. Our overzealous and paternal government has in some instances endeavored to "raise" the Indian to this level of civilization, and where, under this paternal direction, the Indians have abandoned their wigwams for cabins, tuberculosis has, as a matter of course, developed to kill them off rapidly.

In southern Utah the government once built some cottages for Paiutes, at considerable expense. This was doubtless with the object not only of sheltering the poor, unhoused savage from pitiless winter blasts, and thus proving to him by concrete example the superiority in com-

fort of the white man's habitation over the Indian's tepee, but incidentally to induce him to remain permanently in one spot and till the land after the manner of civilized folk, and thus advance him in the human scale. But the Paiutes were well aware that their health and existence demanded open air living. Their lungs were not suited to the more or less dead atmosphere of closed rooms. From ancestors who had only known and lived in the open they had inherited a physical apparatus that demanded a similar mode of life, and so sudden a change of habits would doubtless have proved fatal to them. Perhaps they did not reason the question out in this way, but their conclusion was sound and to the point.

They looked the cottages over, pronounced them "No good for Indian; good for horse," pitched their tepees alongside the cottages, stabled their horses in the cottages, and themselves continued to live in the tepees. They never did move into the cottages, it is said, thereby showing that they knew much more about hygienic living, for Indians at least, than did the paternal government. This paternal government has labored always under the delusion that it could raise the red man in one generation from the barbaric state to that of a

Flocks of Sheep and Goats Form the Chief Source of Livelihood for the Navajo.

highly developed civilization. In other words, the Indian was expected to do in one generation what the white man required centuries to accomplish. But traditions cannot be forgotten, or habits, inherited from a long line of antecedents, changed over night.

Mr. Crouse, the agent for the White River district, has had wide experience with Indians and has made a life study of them, their needs, and characteristics. He keeps his Apaches well in hand and at the same time places no further restrictions upon them than are necessary to insure their good behavior, while striving for their material advancement. For instance, government farmers are engaged in teaching them agriculture and thrift. Women work the fields, for the "noble red man" could not with self-respect stoop to this menial employment. Some of the Apaches have considerable herds of cattle and own many horses. Herding livestock is not deemed beneath a man's dignity, and they make good herdsmen. Stock raising, therefore, is encouraged.

Apaches, I learned, are not slow at driving bargains. This is one of the accomplishments in which they have had instruction and have proved apt pupils. At the time of our visit all the country contiguous to Fort Apache was

dried and parched, and no forage was to be had for horses on the open range. After much difficulty we found an Indian with some alfalfa hay to sell. He offered it to us at two dollars a hundred—forty dollars a ton. We accepted the terms with enthusiasm and considered ourselves fortunate, though we were paying more than twice the highest market price outside the military post. We had to have it, and the Indian knew it. After our acceptance of his terms he regretted that he had not demanded more.

I learned that the government pays exorbitant prices for all kinds of forage. It may be easily understood that high prices paid Indians for farm products tend to encourage them to increased tillage of the toil, and the custom was initiated with this commendable object in view. But the high prices are not confined to Indian farmers. Contracts are made with outside white ranchers for oats and other provender at several times as much as the same ranchers would be glad to sell the same goods for in open market.

The Indian schools on the reservation will doubtless ultimately influence the rising generation to a higher standard of thought, though experience with Indians sent to distant schools to be educated is not thus far reassuring. Those who have returned to their old haunts have al-

most without exception dropped into the old mode of life as naturally as though they had never left it. They refuse to speak any but their native tongue and very frequently are less tractable and less inclined to physical endeavor than their brothers who have not had the advantage of education.

While I met several Apaches who I knew understood everything I said to them, I met but two of the school product, save government Indian scouts and policemen, who would admit that they could speak English. This is doubtless due to an inborn desire to shut out all intruders from their country and to traditional resentment against the white man. Tradition, handed down from father to son, reaching back to the days of the early Spanish invaders and strengthened later as other white men came, has taught them to look upon the white man with suspicion—as an enemy watching for an opportunity to take advantage of them and injure them.

None of our Indians have been more unjustly maligned or misunderstood, perhaps, than the Apaches. The Apaches do not admit to-day that they have any fear or stand in awe of our soldiers. They claim that man for man they have never been beaten by white troops and

that their final subjugation was only accomplished by treacherous Indian scouts leading soldiers to their retreats and through the destruction by the white men of the game upon which they depended for sustenance. This is the Apache point of view and their delusion. Holding it, they have stouter hearts to meet their changed manner of living, and it is well, for a broken spirited people is a dead people and an encumbrance.

The Apache's summer hogan, or lodge, is usually constructed of poles fixed in the ground, the upper ends bent to the center and lashed together. This framework of poles is thatched with branches and grass, or covered with canvas. The fire is built in the center, after the fashion general among Indians, and an opening at the top where the poles are joined permits the smoke to escape. In the winter, dugouts in banks make more comfortable quarters.

The Apaches are not handsome of face, though muscular, alert, and well set up of body, and as a rule they are exceedingly careless about their personal appearance. They rarely wear ornaments. In these respects they are quite in contrast with their brothers, the Navajos, farther north. When one sees Apache moccasins, for example, covered with beads, one

may be certain they were never made for Apache wear, but for sale to tourists. Attached to Fort Apache is a detachment of enlisted Apache scouts, and these men, trim and neat in the khaki uniform of the army, were fine looking, sinewy, alert, active men.

Native Indian policemen, acting under the Indian agent, armed with rifle and revolver, patrol the reservation. They are the peace officers of the country and are chosen from the best and most reliable of the young men. Some of them have been educated in Indian schools. One of their duties is to ferret out, and destroy when found, stores of the native tulapai, an intoxicant made by the Apaches from fermented corn. Tulapai leads to many internal fights among the Indians, and not a few murders during the past year or two have been directly traced to its effect. In consequence of this tendency to injure one another the agent has ordered all Indians to turn in their firearms to the agency during seasons when hunting is prohibited. Medicine dances are also prohibited, for at these dances the Indians, with the aid of tulapai, work themselves into a high state of frenzy, which is very likely to end in bloodshed.

In spite of rules and prohibition, however, much tulapai is made and consumed, many In-

dians do not turn in their arms, and medicine dances are held. The Indian policemen drink tulapai like other Apaches, and they are in sympathy, as a matter of course, with the medicine dances. They close their eyes to the dances, which they cannot fail to know take place, and of which in the nature of things the agent and his aids are unlikely to learn, and policemen only destroy tulapai when it is so notoriously in evidence that the authorities will in all probability learn of its existence and discipline them for lack of attention to duty if they do not destroy it. The policeman still remains an Apache, with all the Apache traits and tastes, even though he is clothed with authority, and he drinks as much tulapai and as often as he likes—in secret, so far as his superiors are concerned.

We spent a day and a half at Fort Apache, and while there I rode over to the White River Agency house, met Mr. Crouse, the agent, and received from him a permit giving John and myself freedom of travel on the reservation. This may not have been necessary, but it is always well for the traveler here to have a pass.

Several old Indian women were seated on the shady side of the agency building, and a young Indian policeman suggested that I photograph

them. The moment, however, that I turned my camera upon them they scattered like leaves before the wind. My friend the policeman endeavored to persuade them to return, but to no avail. They believed the camera lens an evil eye. A half mile below, however, at a trader's store, three young women, dressed in their finest, asked me to photograph them, and I did so. Their request, of course, was by signs. The fear of the camera, so noticeable among the older women, was not generally shared by the younger ones. Nor did the men as a rule object to being photographed. On the contrary, the younger men were usually quite desirous of posing for me.

Bill had exhibited so many indications of becoming leg weary that I had resolved to trade him off at the first opportunity for a larger animal. With this in view I made some strenuous endeavors at Fort Apache to effect a trade, expatiating, with John's help, upon Billy's beauty and accomplishments, but every would-be trader laughed when he saw Bill, with hanging under lip and pompadour bang and mane. No one would consider a trade after one look at the little beast. They seemed to consider the suggestion a rare joke, though John and I with serious faces resented their attitude, and John

told some of the scoffers that "the trouble with them was they didn't know a real good cayuse when they saw one, and they acted plumb locoed."

However, a fine black-brown pony was offered me at a reasonable price, and I purchased him. He was a four-year-old and a little beauty, with tail sweeping to the ground and a colt's face—the most innocent face and expression I ever saw upon a horse. He was apparently gentle as a kitten and rubbed his head against me and tried to put his nose in my pocket, when I looked him over. "Shorty" was his name, and I felt very proud of him. Shorty had traits that did not show on the surface, but found expression later.

Fort Apache possessed more of the ordinary brand of house flies than any place I ever was in. They settled in clouds upon everything and one could not avoid them. The post itself is about as unattractive and dreary as a place can be, forage was hard to get, and we were glad to pack and saddle up on the second morning after our arrival, and at seven o'clock rode out upon the desert.

Theodore Roosevelt, Apache Indian Policeman.

Moulded into Fantastic Shapes by Ages of Erosion.

CHAPTER VI

PIGEONS AND BEAR

OUR trail led over a parched desert, supporting only miniature sage brush and greasewood. We had intended to visit a remarkable salt spring to the southward, but this would have consumed a day and carried us into a region nude of forage for the horses. Therefore it was decided to pass on and head directly for Cedar Creek, eighteen miles from Fort Apache, and the nearest available water.

Kelly's Butte and many other smaller but picturesque buttes and formations peculiar to the desert, as well as several striking peaks, were passed, or stood out against the sky line in the distance. The sun beat down upon the naked sand in blinding, blistering intensity and dust rose in dead clouds to choke us.

Billy, quite rested and apparently as fresh

and active as the day he began the journey, seemed imbued with a new lease of life and doubled energy. I rode Shorty, my new pony, and we made such good speed that at twelve o'clock the eighteen miles were behind us, and we dismounted and unpacked at Cedar Creek, under the shade of a large cottonwood tree. We found the creek dry, but not far from our tree a spring of clear, cold, refreshing water bubbled out of the hot sand.

Several Indians were camped near-by, and one of them, "General Jim Crook," came down to our bivouac to pay his respects. General Crook is a famous character among the older Apaches. He was one of the Indian scouts who acted in conjunction with our troops in the years when the Apaches were restless, and on active duty with the army, during the Geronimo wars, was wounded in the Mexican Campaign. Old Jim Crook is desperately poor now, and though he gave the best of his life to the service and was wounded in the performance of duty, he receives no pension.

Normally the rainy season begins in Arizona, with almost certain regularity, during the first week of July, but thus far no welcome shower had come to cool the parched sand since my departure from Holbrook. This delay in the rains

was responsible for unusually poor forage from Cedar Creek onward. Not a blade of grass relieved the sage brush here, and to our regret we were compelled to tie the horses up unfed while we cooked our own luncheon and rested for two hours in the shade of the cottonwood.

We were scarcely through eating when black clouds loomed up in the western sky and in an incredibly short time a terrific thunder storm was upon us. The lightning was sharp, the thunder jarred the earth, and for an hour rain fell in torrents. As suddenly as the storm came it passed, every vestige of cloud dissolved, and though the sun shone again with unabated brilliancy, the atmosphere was cooled and the afternoon balmy and delightful.

No water was to be had between Cedar Creek and the Carrizo Cañon, twelve miles beyond, but here we found a murky, ill-smelling stream coursing down between the cañon walls. The cañon was bare of forage, and when the animals and ourselves had slaked our thirst at the brook we climbed to the farther rim, hobbled and turned the horses loose to feed in sparse-growing grass, while we made our bivouac under a scraggy cedar tree.

When we arose at daybreak all the horses save Button were feeding quietly not far away, but

he was nowhere to be seen. An examination of the tracks disclosed the fact that he had probably only tarried the previous night sufficiently long for us to fall comfortably asleep, and then without danger of detection had turned into the cañon and made off.

While John prepared breakfast I saddled Shorty and tracked the runaway Button down the slope and a mile to the eastward. His trail showed plainly that he had kept steadily going, never once halting for a moment to graze, and that he had doubtless headed, by a short cut, toward his old home at Taylor.

John, with long experience in trailing runaway horses through the Arizona wilderness, had often boasted to me that no horse had ever escaped him. I therefore deemed it wise to return to camp for breakfast and let him take up Button's trail and follow it down.

"I'll get him!" said John, as he rode away, "if the Injuns don't find him first and hide him from me."

Three hours later he appeared riding the deserter Button, with his own horse in lead.

"Where was he?" I asked.

"Plumb six miles away," said John. "When he saw me coming he laid back his ears, flagged me with his tail, and hit out for Taylor like a

bat out of hell, and I had to ride like a drunk Injun to catch him."

This was Button's last attempt to leave us. John accredited him with a degree of intelligence little short of human and insisted that he had been waiting a long while for a favorable opportunity to desert and that he "reckoned Button had about decided we were a hard outfit to shake."

John's horse, a young dapple gray, had become leg weary and now developed unmistakable signs of giving out. He was in such bad shape that upon leaving Carrizo Cañon, John saddled Shorty, while I rode Button, and we permitted the poor, fagged animal to jog along unburdened. The hard mountain trails that we had traversed, together with rather long marches and continuous work, had proved too much for him, and in addition to general weariness he had gone lame. He was a more finely bred animal than either Button or Billy, but he did not possess the toughness and vigor of the ponies and was not nearly so good a forager as they. Button was, if anything, in better shape than when we left Taylor.

Large horses are not so well adapted to either desert or mountain work as ponies, when they are compelled to forage for themselves.

Cavalrymen at Fort Apache told me that when they returned from hard practice marches in the mountains, their fine big horses were pretty certain to be fagged and jaded, while the native ponies ridden by the Indian scouts that accompanied them returned to the post fresh and active, though they performed just as much and often more work than the cavalry horses, and on these marches foraged their own living, while the cavalry horses were well grained.

From the Carrizo our course was directed over the Cibicue Mountains, in a northwesterly direction. Here I saw the first of perhaps seven or eight wild pigeons—the true passenger pigeon—that I met with in this section of Arizona. After a continuous march from early morning we halted one mid-afternoon to make camp some thirty yards from a spring on the western slope of the Cibicue range. When all was snug, our coffee made and bacon frying, and we had seated ourselves for luncheon, John exclaimed:

"Look there! Wild pigeons!"

Three birds had just alighted in a tall dead tree close by the spring. The tree was void of all foliage, the limbs bare, and the birds were in excellent position to observe. With my binoculars I took a position less than twenty yards

from them and watched them for some time. They were the true passenger-pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*). I have no doubt whatever of this, for every possible opportunity was offered for observation. Later on two occasions I saw passenger-pigeons in this section, and John told me that he had sometimes seen them when riding range, in small flocks of four or five birds.

This is in all probability the only region where the wild pigeon, once so numerous, is to be found to-day in the United States. So far as North America is concerned, it is practically an extinct species. The mourning dove, however, is quite plentiful throughout the West, and these I saw in considerable numbers and in many sections during my journey.

At noon one day we forded Cibicue Creek and drew up at the ranch house and store of Mr. Prime T. Coleman, Indian trader and old-time cattleman. We had made the visit merely to replenish our supply of provisions, but within ten minutes after our arrival Coleman, with true Western hospitality, had invited me to remain a day or two and accompany him on a mountain lion hunt and I had accepted. Coleman, an enthusiastic hunter of mountain lions and bears, had at the time, in conjunction with

James Hinton—reported the greatest bear hunter in Arizona—a fine pack of trained dogs. While I was a visitor at the ranch Hinton paid us a visit, and he told me that not long before on a single hunt, extending over a period of one month, he had killed eighteen bears and three mountain lions. He had no record of how many of these animals he had destroyed during his lifetime as a hunter.

The Cibicue Indians, and those living along Oak Creek, have the reputation of being the worst Apaches on the reservation, though Coleman assured me they are mere children. He has lived his whole life among the Apaches, and his experience has taught him that so long as they are dealt with honestly, treated as human beings, left by themselves so far as conditions will permit, and tulapai manufacture is restrained, as at present, they will remain entirely harmless and peaceable.

Like children they have a keen sense of justice and injustice. When they desire anything that is denied them by the agent, they accept the ruling as a child accepts the ruling of a parent. But when anything is promised them, or any agreement made with them, they expect the promise or the agreement to be fulfilled literally. Mr. Coleman believed, in the light of

The Overflow of One of the Springs that Supply Tuba.

A Hopi Indian Pueblo.

his lifelong experience, that so long as this policy is maintained, which is the policy of the present exceptionally competent Indian agent, troops are wholly unnecessary on the reservation and there will be no fear of the Apaches committing depredations or going on the war path. Not fear of the white man, but just and honorable treatment of them by the white man, will keep them contented with their lot.

Coleman reiterated what I had already heard in reference to the harmful effect upon the Indian of tulapai, the native liquor, mentioned elsewhere. While here I saw some children whose mother was shot and killed a short time before by their intoxicated father.

I made some purchases in Coleman's store, and in change received a government check made out in favor of an Indian who could not write. It is required in cases of this kind that the endorsement be made with the endorser's "mark," witnessed by two signatures. This Indian had wet his thumb with ink and pressed it upon the back of the check, as his endorsement mark, which to my astonishment was witnessed by no less famous personages than "Theodore Roosevelt" and "Hoke Smith."

"Are these signatures genuine?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," answered Coleman. "Teddy

Roosevelt will be in to-morrow, and you'll have an opportunity to meet him."

Sure enough Teddy came, bandanna handkerchief around his neck and all. He was an Apache Indian policeman. Another check was shown me upon which the endorsement was witnessed by Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell, and still another which bore the name of George Washington.

While here I visited with Coleman an Indian school where an official was engaged in taking the census. A mass of Indians, men, women and children, old and young, were gathered about the building. In addition to a name, each Indian has a letter and number by which he is designated by the agent. For example, the head of a family is known as A 1, and the various members of his family as A 2, A 3, A 4, and so on. The head of another family would accordingly be known as B 1, and the various members of his family as B 2, B 3 or B 4. Those who own stock brand it with their number.

On the morning following my arrival at Coleman's Logan Jaques, a young sheep ranchman, rode in from his camp to join us in our hunt. Long before daylight Coleman, Jaques and I were up. I was very ill from assimilat-

ing too much alkali—"alkalied," as the people say here—and could eat no breakfast, but was determined not to miss the hunt, which I had looked forward to with much anticipation. At dawn we were off with the pack, all mounted upon strong, able horses from Coleman's ranch.

We rode several miles through a comparatively level stretch of barren country, then entered a rough, thinly wooded region broken by gulches and cañons, up and down over trailless hills, until the dogs at length took a scent in a rocky cañon and were off.

We followed at a good pace, keeping well within hearing of the working dogs. "It's a bear," said Coleman at length, and sure enough on the side of a cañon opposite us, high up near its rim, we presently saw the animal for a moment—a big brown fellow. Coleman and Jaques each took long range shots with their 30-30's, but missed.

Then the chase began in earnest. At a lope we pushed our horses through thick brush, over rocks, up and down cañon sides, where I doubted the ability of the animals to keep their footing, until, at last, scratched and bruised from contact with brush and rocks, we heard the dogs baying, and knew they had treed the bear.

We found the animal high up in a pine tree. One shot from my rifle brought it down, but the bullet had hit it too far back of the ear, and it charged the dogs with considerable vitality. I approached and photographed it, then put a bullet in its head. I have called this a brown bear, but it was of the black bear species.

It was a disappointment that we had not found a mountain lion, the game that we had set out for. But our animals were too weary to continue the hunt that day, and our limited time forced me to continue my journey northward without the coveted lion.

John had traded his worn-out horse to Coleman for a white fellow very much scarred on shoulder and flank with a heart-shaped brand which won him the name "Heart." With this improvement in our outfit and our horses rested and in good condition, we resumed the trail leading up to the Mogollon Mesa.

CHAPTER VII

OVER THE MOGOLLON MESA

LOGAN JAQUES, the young sheep ranchman, who had several herds of sheep pasturing in what is known as Grasshopper Valley, some eighteen or twenty miles from Coleman's ranch on the Cibicue, invited us to spend a night at one of his camps as we passed en route to the old Verde trail. His herds were in charge of Mexican shepherds, for in Arizona and New Mexico only Mexicans are employed in the work of herding sheep, though farther north, in Idaho, Wyoming, and throughout the Northwest generally, a Mexican shepherd is a rarity.

In Arizona and New Mexico the shepherds live in tents and transport their camp equipment by pack train, using burros for pack animals and the native cayuse for the saddle.

Northward the shepherds camp in a canvas-covered wagon, fitted up as a snug kitchen and sleeping room, with a bunk amply wide for two in the rear, a small cook stove forward, a folding table that may be removed when not in use, and ample storage room for provisions and personal belongings. It is a comfortable habitation even in severe weather.

Individual sheep ranchers usually own several flocks, and each flock, numbering from several hundred to five or six thousand animals, is placed under the care of two and sometimes three men. It is the custom when grazing flocks upon the public range to confine them to a certain area until it is denuded of all grass and browse. The sheep accomplish this very completely and thoroughly in a few days and are then moved on by the shepherds to another area.

We had hoped to leave Grasshopper Valley behind us before our night halt was made, but a late start brought us at nightfall near Jaques's last camp, and here we drew in and bivouacked alongside the tent of the Mexican shepherds, and accepted their invitation to a supper of mutton and a breakfast of *chili con carne.*

There were two men allotted to this camp—a cook and a herder. As day faded into twilight

the latter massed his flock close to the tent, ate his supper, spread his bed in the open not far from John and me, and presently to the tune of bleating sheep and snoring shepherds we fell into light slumber. I had not slept long when a revolver shot roused me. It was followed by several other shots in quick succession. For an instant I believed the sheep men were engaged in a gun fight, then that the shepherd was firing at some animal attacking the sheep, but finally ascertained that the shooting was done to turn the flock farther out, for the animals had crowded almost on top of us.

Our trail from the Cibicue to Grasshopper Valley carried us over a rolling country, sparsely wooded. Here we crossed Oak Creek Cañon, where the most secluded of the Apaches live. Many of this branch of this tribe, John assured me, have never reported at the Indian office, and he also assured me that they were the only Indians in the country he would hesitate to travel among alone. Even they, I venture to say, are peaceable enough when not under the influence of tulapai. In nearly every instance where Apaches have committed murder in recent years, the awakening of the homicidal instinct has been directly traceable to tulapai.

Water was scarce, muddy, and unpalatable. Even Grasshopper Spring, locally famous for its cold sparkling water, had been reduced by the unusually dry season, to a mud hole. It was a delightful sound, therefore, when we turned out of the valley and into a cañon and heard the roar of a brook, pouring down over its rocky bed from the heights above, and discovered a stream of clear cold water. Good water was a luxury, and this was the first good water that we had found since leaving the spring at Cedar Creek.

Our trail, which followed the brook up the cañon, presently faded and at length disappeared entirely among the underbrush. Here began the ascent of the Mogollon Mesa. The mountainside rose at a fearful angle, and at several points our advance seemed cut off by perpendicular cliffs, but at length slopes were negotiated, cliffs circumvented, and the gentle rise to the summit attained.

Shorty was my saddle horse on this occasion. I was leading him, and when we reached the first level spot he began bucking in the most approved fashion as a decided protest against further climbing. He succeeded in shedding saddle-bags, camera, and everything not tightly fastened to the saddle. After purchasing

A Navajo Blanket Weaver and Her Loom.

A Navajo Indian Policeman.

Shorty I had been told that he once had a reputation as a bucker. The first "buster" that mounted him after he was taken wild from the range was thrown and nearly killed and another was unceremoniously dismounted before he finally succeeded in "staying with" Shorty. But with me he had been gentleness itself, until now, save on one occasion when we met some Indians whose appearance he did not approve of and he made an attempt to bolt, but I had felt he was entirely justified in his desire to avoid those particular Indians.

We were now on the summit of the Mogollon Mesa and our ascent had carried us into a great pine forest. Now and again wide views of desert, mountain, and valley appeared to us from cliffs or bared eminences. Old Baldy and the White Mountains towered in the distance in majestic, rugged splendor and seemed higher than any mountains I had ever seen. Sombrero Butte stood out against the southern sky, a striking landmark, and before us lay an expanse of marvelously blended colors—red, green, white, purple, gray—a mighty, shimmering ocean of light and shadow.

Our course—for a time we followed no definite trail—carried us over undulating upper ridges and across ravines and gulches. Deer

tracks were everywhere and many wild turkeys were seen. Water was the one thing lacking to make the region an ideal wilderness. Our canteen, which had been lost at Fort Apache, was sorely missed. One should never travel in Arizona without a canteen. Night camps were made by the side of muck holes, generally not above thirty yards in width, which John called "lakes." The water in these was thick with decayed vegetable matter and sometimes so bad that the horses scarcely sipped it. One of them was so vile that the animals refused to drink from it at all, though they had had no water for several hours. We utilized it for coffee, however, for one may feel perfectly safe in drinking contaminated water after it has been boiled.

We made diligent search for Blue Lake, a pool famous in the region, but failed to find it, though John had visited it once several years before. He described it as filling a circular depression, approximately three hundred feet in diameter and probably an ancient crater. Its waters are said to be blue and transparent and of great depth. A party of cowboys once tied two lasso ropes end to end and with a heavy stone to weight the line attempted to sound the depth, but failed to find bottom.

The Verde Trail was formerly the military road connecting Fort Apache and Camp Verde, over which stores were hauled from the former to the latter post. After the abandonment of Camp Verde the trail fell into disuse. We turned into it near the place where Blue Lake was supposed to be and followed it westward for many miles. Innumerable aspen trees along the old trail bear names and dates cut in the bark by soldiers who traversed it in the days when it was a military road. Some of these bear the regiment number and troop of the soldier that cut them. Dates went back into the early 70's, and I believe one or two as early as 1869.

Desire for water led us to deviate once and descend a steep, rocky road which dropped to the head of Cañon Creek, directly above the point where the cañon "boxes" with perpendicular walls on either side several hundred feet high. Suddenly, as we descended, a beautiful green basin, enclosed on all sides by precipitous mountains, opened before us, and presently we came to the clear, fine waters of Cañon Creek, pouring down over a rocky bed to course through the creek's picturesque cañon, later to join Salt River.

Here we found Ramer's cattle ranch—lo-

cally known as the "O W outfit"—said to be the best kept ranch in Arizona. There is a log cook and bunkhouse and a log office, from which Mr. Ramer manages his business and where he has his sleeping quarters. He was not there at the time, but the foreman invited us to turn our horses loose in a pasture while we had dinner. The ranch folk had eaten, but the cook set the table and prepared another dinner for us.

This visit to Ramer's ranch left with me one of the very pleasant memories of Arizona travel—the green hollow among towering pine-clad mountains, the roaring creek, singing birds, and the unstinted hospitality of the ranch folk.

Our last camp along the Verde Trail, at the head of Chevion's Cañon, was made memorable by the most terrific electric storm I have ever experienced. We were sleeping in the open when the first rumblings of heavy thunder roused us. The night was black as ink and rain was imminent. We lighted a pitch-pine torch, and in ten minutes our tent was stretched between two small black-jack pines and our things snug under cover. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared and reverberated down the cañon in quick succession of terrific and ter-

rible crashes that set the earth a-tremble, and the lightning flashed with a blinding brilliancy beyond description.

John and I both felt electric thrills on several occasions, but we had no fear, for we had taken the precaution to select low trees under which to pitch the tent. The higher trees in this region are frequently struck by lightning. During the day's ride I had noted many bearing marks of lightning, and at one point four within as many rods. In every case, however, it was the tall yellow pine that suffered.

Like the White Mountain region, the Mogollon Mesa once held herds of elk, but the last of them were killed many years ago. There is no reason why elk should not thrive here now, though the ranges would be less extended than in the White Mountains. However, the Mogollon Mesa could well support some good-sized herds.

This is one of the best deer and turkey countries that I have ever seen. Deer signs were exceedingly numerous. I was informed that bear, too, were fairly plentiful, though personally I saw but few signs of them. As was to be expected where deer and turkeys are plentiful, jaguars and cats are also quite too numerous.

We continued on the Verde trail for a few miles west of Chevion's Cañon, then turned from it in a northerly course toward Winslow and presently began to drop to lower altitudes, leaving behind us the tall pines, the aspens, balsam fir, spruce, and flowering juniper.

Another terrific thunderstorm and deluge of rain overtook us as we were passing the locally famous Hart and Campbell ranch, a sheep ranch upon which it is said at least three men began the accumulation of wealth which made of them multi-millionaires. We turned under the cover of a friendly shed to await the passing of the storm and a man connected with the ranch joined us.

In discussing the menace of hydrophobia skunks with this ranchman, he informed us that six weeks earlier a homesteader, sleeping on the floor of the cookhouse with open door, was bitten on the head by one of these animals. Some time later while in Winslow he was attacked by rabies and died in great agony. One of the doctors attending the man was scratched by him and was then in the Pasteur Institute in Los Angeles, undergoing treatment.

Formerly it was believed that only a species of small skunk inhabiting this region was given to attacking men in their sleep, but the one that

wounded the homesteader was of the larger species well known throughout the United States. Another skunk, since the above occurrence, bit a collie dog on the ranch and the dog developed rabies and died.

In much of the territory through which I passed skunks are a real menace, not, I may say, in the open wilderness, but in the vicinity of old ranch buildings which they infest. I heard of several cases—I should say at least a dozen—where sleeping men had been attacked by them and had later developed rabies and died. The people bitten are almost invariably poor sheep herders or homesteaders, unable to pay their expenses to Chicago or Los Angeles, the nearest points at which Pasteur Institutes are now located, and even if they had the money to meet these expenses they are usually from three to four days' travel from the railroad when the accident occurs, which with two or three days by train from the nearest railroad station to the institute combines to make so long a delay that treatment is generally ineffective.

So far as I know, the only regions in the United States where skunks with rabies are found are Arizona, New Mexico, and a section of Texas. The many cases of death from them of which I heard were all within a compara-

tively narrow area and in a thinly populated region. Is it not within the province of the government to take some steps to relieve the inhabitants of this constant dread? A Pasteur Institute established say in Albuquerque would place treatment quite near enough to be available.

In this connection let it be said that Arizona pays a bounty of ten dollars each upon bears killed within the territory, and *one* dollar bounty on skunks. No one will skin a skunk for a dollar and go through the red tape necessary to claim the bounty. The Territorial government has paid many dollars bounty on black and brown bears, one of our noble game animals that does absolutely no harm in this mountain region which it inhabits. Pennsylvania and Michigan both *protect* their black bears. Even the silver tip, at one time destructive to stock, has been so reduced in numbers and is so timid now-a-days and so rarely attacks animals, that bounty on it should be discontinued. It would seem that the time has come when we should extend protection to every species of bear inhabiting the United States. Otherwise they will, in the course of a very few years, become extinct.

The rain area was limited and an hour's ride

beyond it brought us into a parched dry district. We passed Necessity Brook some miles before halting for the night, and when we did halt finally could find only enough thick, red muddy water in the hollow of a stone to make our tea. There was none for the horses.

The ranchman had advised us to take a new freighters' road to Winslow. He assured us it was well watered and we decided to profit by his advice, though John knew the old road well and not the new one and had some hesitancy about riding untried trails.

We had passed from pines to piñons and stunted cedars, and finally into a treeless, sandy desert supporting no other growth than sage brush and greasewood, and inhabited only by lizards, chameleons, rattlesnakes, and an occasional rabbit. One old rattler buzzed his warning close to the trail and we dismounted and killed him. John shot a cottontail for our dinner, dressed it, and tied it to the top of Billy's pack, where, under the terrific heat of the sun, it became jerked rabbit within two hours.

Mile after mile we traveled, and drier and drier, if possible, grew the country. Even rabbits were no longer to be seen. Dust filled our nostrils and our mouths were parched and filled with grit. The horses had drunk nothing since

the previous noon and were evidently suffering from thirst even more than ourselves.

In the distance we could see the smoke from locomotives at Winslow. It seemed very near, but John assured me it was fully forty miles away.

Between us and the Toltec Divide, which shimmered through the heat waves to the westward, lay Clear Creek, running down across the desert to empty its waters into the Little Colorado not far from Winslow. We knew it was there, though nothing on the expanse of sand and sage brush indicated its presence.

The horses showed such evidences of suffering and our own physical beings called so loudly for water that we turned from our trail in a short cut to the creek. At length we came suddenly to the rim of a deep cañon. This was Clear Creek Cañon, but nothing suggested its presence until we were within a few yards of it. It was simply a deep, crooked gash with perpendicular walls cut down into the sagebrush desert. We peered into its depth, only to discover the bed of Clear Creek at its bottom dry as ashes.

Then we turned back to the trail and pushed on. Once a bunch of six antelopes scurried away. At length we glimpsed cattle and knew

that water was near, and at five o'clock in the evening came upon some hollow rocks holding pools of half putrid, cow-defiled rainwater. The horses drank and we drank and made our camp.

It was past noon the following day when we rode into Winslow, and a great relief it was for the poor horses' sake, for since leaving Ramer's Ranch they had eaten little. Our first care was to place them in a convenient corral, feed them well on rolled barley and good alfalfa hay, and then seek quarters for ourselves. We were to stay here several days to give the animals ample time to recuperate and get in condition to cross the three hundred miles of desert lying between Winslow and Kanab, Utah.

We registered at the Navajo Hotel, said to be the best in town, excepting of course Harvey's Railroad Hotel. We were too rough looking for the conventional guests at Harvey's. Without coats, for instance, one is not admitted to his dining room, though no question is raised in connection with the lunch counter at the station. The Navajo Hotel, however, had very comfortable rooms, well cared for, and a bathroom, and we were well content to stop there. Several unique signs were posted here and

there throughout the house. One on the main entrance door read, "Closed on account of wind. Pass through the office and if the clerk objects, kick him."

There was no dining room attached to the hotel, and we took our meals at one of the Japanese or Chinese restaurants. There are no other restaurants in Winslow, save the Harvey House. We did very well, for we had long since passed the particular stage. John did find some fault, however, when a steak was served him with a spider as large as his thumb nail, its legs nicely spread out, and a large horse fly fried brown and greasy on top. He said he could stand one at a time, but two on one piece of steak was too much.

Winslow is said to be the liveliest town of its size in Arizona. It has some two thousand residents who are irrigated by eleven busy saloons. The day after we arrived there a gun fight took place in the Mexican quarter but no one was seriously injured. The day we left town the bartender in the Wigwam saloon had a misunderstanding with the gentleman who presided over the bar in the Mission saloon and the former ceased his earthly activities. The gentleman of the Mission saloon was too handy with his gun.

I had the good fortune and the pleasure of meeting here Mr. Chester Houck, the only living ex-sheriff of Navajo County. It was the custom in Navajo County until recently—it is said to be no longer necessary—to choose for the important office of sheriff some one of known merits as a gun man. Commodore Owens, previously mentioned, was a notable instance of this, and Mr. Houck can manipulate his six shooter with an ease and readiness that rendered him exceptionally well qualified for the position. However, as he told me, he had to kill only one man while he was sheriff.

This happened some four or five years ago. One of the saloons in Winslow had a gambling layout. Two strangers held it up one night and got away with a pretty good amount of cash. Sheriff Houck pressed into service as deputy a man named Pete and in company with Pete traced the pair to Cañon Diabolo and came upon them in the open. The sheriff engaged one, Pete the other, and a pretty gun fight began with the result that the sheriff's antagonist was killed and Pete's badly wounded, while Sheriff Houck had only a slight scratch from a .45 bullet.

Some time later this same Pete had a misunderstanding with a bartender in Winslow

and shot him dead. The sheriff arrested his old partner, but did not lock him up. "I knew he'd show up for the trial," the sheriff told me, "and I wouldn't lock up a man that had stood up in a fight with me. Here in Arizona men don't run away, just because they may be hung." Pete, it is needless to say, was on hand on the day set for trial and got twenty years at hard labor. He is now serving his sentence in the Arizona penitentiary.

We had planned traveling, for a time at least, with an outfit that had come up from the Gila Valley, bound for Oregon. There were two men, two women, and two children in prairie schooners. Their crops had failed them through dry weather and they were looking for a new land of promise. They were not quite ready to start, however, when we saddled up on Tuesday morning, and I never saw them again.

Northward from Winslow, Arizona, to Kanab, Utah, winds the old Mormon emigrant trail—traversing a desolate sand-drifted desert, with long reaches between the few water holes. This old trail, for many years fallen into disuse and much of it obliterated by sand piled by the wind into great drifts like snow, might tell stories of hope, ambition, misery, tragedy,

and crime could its miles of burning desolation but speak. Seven times John had traversed its length, each time vowing that he would never venture upon it again. The first time was as a boy of eleven when his parents were emigrating from Utah to Arizona; the last time, fourteen years ago, with his young wife. He knew its desolation intimately and he dreaded it as I, who had never traveled its wastes, did not. I was anxious, in fact, for the experience.

This is the land of the Navajo and the Hopi, the pagans of the desert, the land of picturesque buttes, of gorgeously colored cliffs and pinnacles, of marvelous cañons, of wonderful mirages. Three hundred miles of this land, repellant and fascinating, lay between us and Kanab, when we rode out upon it at eleven o'clock one August morning.

CHAPTER VIII

ACROSS THE DESERT

THE sun beat down upon us with scorching effect; the hot sand reflected back its rays to dazzle the eyes; visible heat waves shimmered and quivered over the dead sea of sand and sage—a vast, billowing sea of ever-changing opalescent tints, greens, purples, and blues. To the west rose the rugged summits of the San Francisco peaks, to the northeast the sky line was cut by Chimney Butte, Castle Butte, the Moqui Buttes, and Pottery Hill; between them and us was a low line of gray clay and sand cliffs which mark the basin where flows the Little Colorado.

Anticipating that the desert would offer poor forage to the animals, we were packing two hundred pounds of grain on Button. Bill carried our camp equipment and provisions. John

rode his white horse, Heart, while I rode Shorty. Shorty had behaved very well since his escapade on the mountainside above Grasshopper Valley, but his rest at Winslow had revived his sportive tendencies and inclined him to do unseemly things. Several times, on slight provocation, he jumped and reared, and once when I drew my pocket handkerchief from my hip pocket he began to buck.

Presently, however, he settled down to sober plodding, a pretense of reformation that caught me unawares. I had drawn him up to a walk, while I lighted my pipe and then lifted my foot from the stirrup to adjust the shoe lace. That was all. What happened next came so suddenly and unannounced that I never did know how it came about. I only knew that I was sitting in the sand, still smoking my pipe, while Shorty circled around me, doing the prettiest bucking act I have ever witnessed—"hogging it," as the cowboys would express it. I had experienced no shock, was uninjured, and my only sensation was that of surprise and an inclination to laugh at Shorty's maneuvers. He bucked the rifle out of its boot and the camera off the horn, and then, failing to dislodge anything else, ran off to join some wild horses a mile or so away.

John cantered after him, and the little rascal made no effort to elude, but stopped and looked at John in the most innocent manner, as though he did not realize that he had been doing anything undignified or out of the ordinary. He exhibited no symptom of fright or fear and when John returned with him rubbed his nose against me in his most affectionate manner. I remounted him and we proceeded as though nothing extraordinary had occurred to disturb our progress.

We traveled at a jog trot, and before one o'clock a beautiful lake of clear water appeared in the distance, apparently not more than two miles ahead and to the southeast of some broken ledges of rock. The lake was surrounded by green fields that offered splendid forage for the horses, and beautiful groves of trees reached down to the lake's edge, which the placid waters reflected like a mirror. The appearance of a lake here came as a pleasant surprise, for I had never heard before of its existence. I suggested to John that it might be well to make our midday halt in the shade of one of the groves and let the horses graze for an hour in the good green pastures.

"There's no lake ahead," said he. "I see what you mean, and I've seen many, many

lakes and green fields when I've been traveling through this country and my horses have been plumb tired out and their tongues hanging from thirst, and I've rode and rode for 'em, but never reached 'em. This is hell and that's just one of the devil's ways of tantalizing folks that are fools enough to come here. There's nothing but sage brush and greasewood and sand out there where we see water and grass. The ledge of rocks is there all right, though, and I was counting on stopping by 'em for dinner. There's some shade under 'em. I've nooned under 'em before."

And he was right. It was a mirage, the most tantalizing mirage that can possibly appear to one in this parched land. We halted under the friendly rocks to feed the horses rolled barley and to eat our own luncheon beneath the shade of a great overhanging boulder and in an hour were on our way again, to see more lakes and more green fields which we never reached.

The nights always bring blessed relief from the burning heat of day. With sunset the heat waves give place to an atmosphere balmy and deliciously cool, and when bedtime comes warm blankets are not a burden.

And what sunsets! What blendings of color! Not the glorious reds and highly brilliant col-

orings of the far North, but milder purples at the horizon, quickly giving way to amber, which shades off softly into a paler transparent yellow, finally to blend and fade into the blue above. As darkness settles and the stars appear with the wonderful sparkle of high altitude, definite forms melt into indefinite, buttes stand out in somber outline, eroded rocks are transformed into spectral, fantastic beings, and one feels the witchery and the mystery of the desert as one can never feel it under the glare of open day.

Early in the morning we passed Leupp, where the government maintains an Indian school, and in mid-afternoon reached the Indian mission of Tolchaco. It had been our intention to continue on the west bank of the Little Colorado to the old emigrant ford known as Wolf Crossing and there pass to the eastward, but the missionary at Tolchaco told us that the old ford was quite impassable and advised us to take an Indian crossing opposite the mission.

The Little Colorado is an exceedingly treacherous stream. To-day it is down, to-morrow a surging torrent, depending upon the rains hundreds of miles above, at its source, and its bed is largely quicksand. At this time

it was low, and acting upon the missionary's advice we made the passage in safety, though I barely escaped a ducking in the muddy current through Shorty's unseemly plunging at a critical point.

Thence, with no definite trail to follow, we turned down along the east bank of the river, marked by a straggling line of cottonwood, past pink and gray cliffs which rose to the eastward, to the old Wolf Crossing where the one-time emigrant trail, now nearly obliterated by great sand drifts, was again resumed.

A traveler through the Navajo country does not long go unobserved by its dusky dwellers. We had unpacked on a sandy promontory for the night. Our horses were hobbled and turned adrift, our supper cooked over a fire which a single friendly stick of driftwood had supplied, and we were sitting down to eat when the silence was broken by the whoops and shrieks of an approaching Indian. It was quite dark at this time and we could see nothing beyond the circle illumined by our little blaze, but presently the Indian rode up, reined his pony to a stop within the fire glow, exclaimed "Huh!" and sat silent and stiff as a statue. John, who was dishing some stew, did not raise his eyes, but remarked:

"Bill, you sound like you was plumb locoed. Set in and have some grub."

The Indian still sat immovable and silent, giving no intimation that he heard.

"He don't understand our lingo," said John. "I'll try him with his own."

With two or three words of Indian from John, which were quite unintelligible to me, the Indian slid from his horse, squatted by the fire, and proceeded to devour everything that was offered him. Then he sat for half an hour and smoked, and finally, having spoken less than a dozen words, which were of course in Navajo, remounted and silently disappeared. Where he came from or whither he went we did not know, but the following day he joined us some miles beyond, apparently springing out of the sand, and offered some blankets for sale. I purchased a small one, and we left him, sitting on his pony on the summit of a knoll, gazing into the distance.

Thenceforward other Indians rode into our night camps, sometimes whooping to announce their approach, but usually appearing like apparitions, seldom seen or heard until we discovered them sitting bolt upright and silent on their ponies, looking down at us in the firelight.

In the White Mountains, far to the southeast, we had caught trout in the headwaters of the Little Colorado River. There, fed by banks of perpetual snow, it was a sparkling crystal brook, rushing down over a rocky bed through a great primeval forest of pine and spruce and balsam fir. Here in the Navajo desert it had been transformed into a sluggish river thick with yellow mud, flowing heavily northward in a winding course through banks of drifted sand, past pink-and-red and gray-blue buttes of sandstone and limestone, molded into fantastic shapes by ages of erosion. Now and again, close to the river bank, were scattered stunted cottonwood trees, struggling bravely for existence, the only green break in the expanse of wide, arid desert.

The old emigrant trail followed the general course of the river, until trail and river finally parted. By the general course of the river I mean that while we were sometimes within a few hundred yards of its banks, the larger bends were cut off by short cuts, and when this occurred we were often three or four miles to the eastward of it, crossing gulches, dry arroyos, and low sand ridges and mesas.

We halted for a noonday rest at the Black Falls, a point where the river with a swift cur-

rent pours its yellow, mud-laden waters down over lava beds. Here the red sandstone and limestone are overspread with great rivers of black lava, bits of petrified wood lie about, above the surrounding desert vari-colored buttes and mesas rise, the former cut by erosion into picturesque and striking shapes.

On the summits of the mesas are scattered ruins of ancient pueblos, built out of blocks of lava and stone. At their foot in sand-filled pockets in the lava beds are the burial grounds of the people who built the ruined pueblos. Very little has yet been done in the way of investigation and research among the ruins in the vicinity of Black Falls, though it is believed that long before the coming of the Spaniards they were occupied by tribes of the Hopi Indian family, who deserted them and the Black Falls country at a much earlier date to take up their abode in a more hospitable region. Specimens of pottery unearthed here, however, are coarser and less finished in workmanship than those found in ruined pueblos in other districts. Such ruins, it may be said, are found northward half way across Utah and far to the southward. One of the most interesting of those that have been investigated lies some three miles from Winslow.

We were Treated to a Weird, Uncanny Spectacle.

At Black Falls we lunched beneath the uncertain shade of a cottonwood tree close to the river, while the horses grazed upon scant tufts of desert grass nurtured by the river moisture. This was a favorite camping ground of the Mormon emigrants from Utah who took so large a part in the settlement of Arizona, and while we rested and smoked through the burning heat of midday, John told me of one of his own experiences some twenty years before at this very point. He was a young fellow then, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and was going home to Arizona from southern Utah, where he had been engaged in carrying mail on horseback between outlying wilderness settlements. His outfit consisted of three horses.

At Kanab, Utah, he had fallen in with a young man and his wife, emigrating to Arizona in a covered prairie schooner, and thence to Black Falls he kept their company. Here they camped over night near the spot where we were resting. All the horses were hobbled and turned loose in the usual manner, the man and wife retired for the night to their wagon, and John rolled in his blankets under the sky and was soon close wrapped in the sound and dreamless sleep of youth.

At dawn he awakened, conscious that some-

thing had happened while he slept. He sprang up and looked about him, to discover that all the horses had disappeared. He roused the others, and a short search disclosed the fact that "rustlers" had stolen the animals. He and his friends were marooned in the desert.

A consultation was held and it was decided that while the others remained with the outfit at Black Falls and awaited his return, John should trail the horse thieves on foot to the southward, and without delay he began his weary tramp over the sand stretches. He tracked them to the old Wolf's Crossing where the trail crossed the Little Colorado. Here it became evident that his efforts would prove fruitless and, turning back, he reached Black Falls the following evening to find the place abandoned.

His friends had secured horses somewhere and with the entire outfit had retreated toward Moen Ave. He followed them and the next day, his feet so swollen by the hot sand he could hardly walk, overtook them. It proved that some horsemen had come upon them at Black Falls, and the emigrants, panic stricken, had implored the men to take them back. They were too frightened even to wait for John's return, though they were aware he was with-

out food. What John said to them was never recorded, but there is no doubt that he relieved his pent-up feelings in the picturesque style of an irritated frontiersman.

In the days when emigration here was at its height, "rustling" was not uncommon. In fact, even now we were duly warned at Winslow to be on our guard against it. These rustlers were not Indians, but white renegades who made horse stealing a business in the desert country.

Beyond Black Falls the country is arid and desolate in the extreme. We found the trail buried under great drifts of sand, which for long distances covered even greasewood and sage. This condition makes traveling hard for horse and tedious for rider. Almost invariably an afternoon wind rises to drive the sand against one's face with the sensation of pin-pricks, and to fill one's eyes, but dies away with the setting sun, as balmy evening displaces the scorching day and cool and exhilarating night settles down with its calm and deathlike quiet.

A day's march beyond the Black Falls we halted near midday to permit our horses to browse on bunch grass, and while thus engaged a large herd of Navajo goats and sheep on their way to the river and water were driven over a knoll by a young Indian woman and boy. Af-

ter crossing the river at Tolchaco we had encountered several of these herds. The Navajos are a pastoral people, and their flocks of sheep and goats are their chief source of livelihood. The wool is manufactured by the women into the famous Navajo blankets, though the Indians are now selling large quantities of wool to traders, and doubtless a few years hence blanket making will be a lost art among them. This was the last herd which we met on our journey.

At the point where the trail leaves the Little Colorado we found some pools, the water yellow with adobe dirt. Here our canteens were filled and the horses were watered for the last time before reaching the Tuba oasis. Not far beyond this point the old emigrant trail joins the mail road from Flagstaff to Tuba, and thenceforward we found traveling much improved. The junction of the trails is ninety miles from Winslow and thirty miles from Tuba. The latter is a government station and Indian school, situated upon the mesa rising above the Moen Copie Cañon on the north side.

The scenery between the Little Colorado and the Moen Copie is exceedingly picturesque. Pink-and-gray cliffs cut the skyline with serrated ridges, and from the higher points along

the trail one has magnificent views of the arid desert with its rolling sand hills and buttes, bounded on the southwest by the high and rugged peaks of the San Francisco mountains.

At midforenoon the following day we crossed the Moen Copie, the water resembling in smell and appearance that of a city sewer. The stream was turbulent, and a few feet below the fording point tumbled over a fall with a roar. I was riding Shorty, and he objected strongly to entering the water, but finally, after some plunging and rearing, answered to the spurs. On the opposite side we mounted a bank and had our first view of the green cornfields at the foot of the mesa below Tuba, and one hour later dismounted at the government farmer's station, to enjoy the first drink of cool, clear water we had had for several days.

This station is maintained by the government, and is in charge of scientific farmers, who are employed to instruct the Indians in agriculture and irrigation. For ten miles below and sixty miles above Tuba, springs gush out of the cliffs on the north side of the Moen Copie Cañon, which, near Tuba for a short distance, widens out into a basin varying from a quarter to a half mile in width, and farming is made possible in the limited area at the mouth of the

cañon by water drawn from the springs to irrigate the land.

A half hour's ride from the farmer's station up a trail cut in the steep cliff sides brought us to Tuba itself.

This oasis, with its green orchards and gardens, its lawns and rows of stately Lombardy poplars, appeals to the traveler, set here in the midst of desolation, as one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

The place was formerly known as Tuba City, and was originally settled by the Mormon elder John D. Lee and his followers. Lee was the leader of the band of Mormons and Indians that attacked at Mountain Meadows, September 22, 1857, a caravan of emigrants, who were crossing the Mormon country en route to California. Men, women, and children—even little children that would hardly have been old enough to tell the story of what they saw—were slaughtered indiscriminately and without mercy. The story of this cold-blooded, utterly heartless butchery is too horrible to describe. After the massacre the horses and cattle belonging to the emigrant caravan, as well as all else of value, were taken possession of by the band of murderers, who fled southward into the desert, and for many years Lee hid himself

from government officers, using the Tuba City oasis as his chief rendezvous. It was during the period following the massacre that he established Lee's Ferry across the Colorado River, at the head of Marble Cañon, and blazed the southern trail over which John and I were traveling.

There was a long-drawn-out controversy as to the extent of the responsibility of the Mormon church in the massacre. The church then did and ever since has denied all connection with it, and denies also that Lee, or those associated with him, acted with the authority, consent, or knowledge of the church officials. In those days there were many adherents of the Mormon church, however, who were fanatics in a high degree, and possessed of a species of religious frenzy that led them to the belief that to kill a Gentile was to do the work of God and to take forcible possession of a Gentile's property and apply it to the work of the church was to win special favor in the Lord's sight.

It was this same species of religious frenzy which led to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve; to the sacrifice of our early martyrs; to the putting to death of supposed witches; to all the terrible deeds that have been committed in the name of religion since the world began.

But religion passes through its periods of evolution. The younger generation of Mormons has risen above the fanaticism that swayed their elders. They are good Americans, with as high a sense of morality as one finds in other Christian denominations. They contemplate with regret and horror the Mountain Meadows massacre and the many other bloody deeds of those pioneer days and denounce unreservedly the perpetrators of them.

A few years ago the government purchased Tuba from the Mormon church for a consideration, I was informed, of forty thousand dollars, and erected the present magnificent school buildings of red sandstone.

The firm of Babbit & Preston, who have a concession to trade here with the Indians, maintain a large store in a circular stone building. Mr. Preston of the firm lives on the premises and manages the business personally. Many Indians were lounging about when we drew up before the door and were welcomed by Mr. Preston and a young man named Fleming, his clerk and chief assistant. Mr. Preston is an old-time frontiersman and Indian trader and, like all men who have lived long on the frontier and in seclusion, exceedingly hospitable. He opened his stables for our horses and

Looking Down the Canyon from Limestone Tanks — Echo Cliffs are Seen in the Distance.

invited us to dinner, where we met Mrs. Preston and spent some delightful hours. During our conversation I asked Mr. Preston if he did not find Tuba a charming place.

"No," said he, "it's right on the edge of hell."

"You're wrong," broke in John; "it's right in the center of it."

During the afternoon I strolled up to the government buildings and fell in with a gentleman who introduced himself as Dr. W. H. Harrison, temporarily detailed here to minister to the health of the Indians. Dr. Harrison and I became friends at once, and he and Mr. George H. Kraus, financial clerk at the agency, arranged for a room for John and myself in one of the dormitories.

The doctor piloted me over the Tuba gardens and up to the springs that supply the buildings and irrigate the grounds. There are two of these springs, one furnishing a sufficient supply of water for the buildings has an overflow requiring two three-inch pipes to carry the waste water off. The other, known as the Boiling Springs, a hundred yards distant from the former, is even larger. This spring throws its water up in a column nearly two feet high. There is a theory that the water supplying these

springs, as well as all those along the Moen Copie, is brought between strata of rock from the San Juan River, some two hundred miles to the northeast. The springs supplying Tuba are situated on the very summit of the mesa—the highest point in the vicinity.

We had intended resuming our journey after a night's rest at Tuba, but upon learning from Dr. Harrison that the first of the August rain dances, an important religious ceremony of the Hopi Indians, was to be held at a near-by pueblo the following day, I determined to remain and witness it.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE LAND OF HOPI AND NAVAJO

THE Hopi pueblo or village, where the rain dance, known as a *kachina* dance, was in progress, lies two miles from Tuba. Fleming volunteered to accompany me, and in early forenoon we saddled our horses and rode to the pueblo. Many Indians had gathered to witness the ritualistic work, among them a considerable sprinkling of Navajos, who made no concealment of their amusement and lost no opportunity to jeer at the ceremony of their Hopi neighbors. Ponies were tethered everywhere, and the settlement, a mass of moving color and unique costumes, bore the appearance of a gala day.

In the distance, as we approached the pueblo, we heard the chant of the dancers and upon mounting the pueblo walls were treated to a

weird and uncanny spectacle. Below us two long lines of dancers, wearing hideous masks, some with bare arms and portions of the naked body painted in yellow and black, keeping time to their chant, were moving up and down the enclosed street with the dance step peculiar to Indians. One row was blanketed, the other was not. The dancers wore anklets of tortoise shells with dangling deer hoofs so arranged that with each step the hoof struck the tortoise shell with a loud tap-tap-tap. Alongside the lines of dancers, and directing them, were uncostumed old men. The masks, the painted bodies, the *kachina* symbols, and the ceremony were fantastic in the extreme.

Up and down the street, facing now one way, now another, they danced, but always the same dance in constant repetition and apparently with no variation. This ceremony, I was informed, was to be continued, with occasional half-hour intermissions, for two days and two nights, when the performers would be quite exhausted through fasting, lack of sleep, and practically incessant dancing and chanting.

The Hopi religion is mainly a worship of the powers of nature. From Earth, the mother, and the Sky God, the father, sprang man and all living things. Mother Earth is believed to

We Found Ourselves and Our Outfit Safely Landed on the North Bank of the Colorado.

be infinite—she has existed always, she will always continue to exist. From the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the *sipapu*—the great opening—man emerged; into the earth, by way of the same great opening, the spirits of the dead return to enjoy an eternal existence. What the nature of this existence may be the Hopi does not venture to inquire and concerns himself with it not the least. He has no conception of punishment hereafter. For him there is no hell.

When a Hopi Indian dies the nearest relative carries the body of the deceased to the grave prepared for it, places it in a sitting posture always facing the Grand Cañon, erects a long pole between the legs, locks the fingers of the deceased around the pole, and fills the grave. To the top of the pole, protruding above the ground, one end of a string is fastened, while the other end is stretched out in the direction of the Grand Cañon. It is believed that after a lapse of four days the soul leaves the body, climbs the pole, and with the string to guide it goes to its eternal home in the Cañon.

While definite nature powers, such as the Sky God and Mother Earth, are the great gods and goddesses of the universe, there are innumerable lesser personages to whom are ascribed

supernatural powers, not the least of whom are clan ancestors. These are known as *kachinas.* At the ceremonial dances masked and painted men represent the *kachina* to whom appeal for favor is made, or to whom ritualistic honor is done.

To each *kachina* is ascribed certain individual and distinctive powers and characteristics and each is distinguished by a variety of symbolic colors, numbering at least six. The ceremony which we witnessed was an appeal to the *kachinas* holding power over the clouds to send the autumn rains necessary to mature and ripen the crops.

The several clans of which the tribe is composed work their various rituals, either in the seclusion of the *kiva* or in the open streets of the village, in accordance with the demands of each particular ritual. Some, but not all, of those worked in the *kiva* are held in darkest secrecy. No visitors, and only those of the clan itself who are particularly qualified, are ever permitted to be present at the performance of these very sacred and secret rituals. I am aware that some investigators claim to have witnessed all, even the most sacred of them, but these men have been deceived, or have deceived themselves. There are certain rites they

most positively have never witnessed nor recorded.

Visitors are admitted to some of the rituals worked in the *kiva* and to all of those in the open street, such as that witnessed by Fleming and me. It happened that we were the only white men present at this ceremony, but not the slightest restriction was offered us, and I was permitted to enter the street itself and photograph the performers at close range.

The Hopis are an agricultural people living in pueblos, or permanent villages. Their chief occupation is tilling the soil and raising maize, which is their food staple, together with secondary crops of fruits and vegetables. They are also skilled makers of ceremonial kilts, sashes, and blankets, which are produced in various weaves and are of durable quality. These products of the loom, as well as embroidery and the fine basketware for which they are famous, show a well developed sense of the artistic. Formerly their pottery was of a high standard of workmanship and artistic merit, but of late years has deteriorated, though even yet the people of Haus turn out some excellent pottery.

Hopitu-Shinumu, meaning "peaceful people," is their own name for themselves. Hopi

is a contraction of Hopitu. Moki or Moqui, the name by which they are popularly known, means in the Hopi dialect "dead," though the name as applied to them as a tribe is probably of foreign origin and a contraction of some word alien to their language. It may have originated in a contraction of the Spanish word *Mojiganza,* meaning mummery, masquerade. The explorer Coronado while at Zuni in the year 1540 first heard of the Hopi Indians and sent Pedro de Tobar and Fray Juan de Padilla into Tusayan to investigate them.

It was at this time that the Spaniards first learned from the Hopis of the existence of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which plays so considerable a part in their religious belief. These and later Spaniards, visiting their village, doubtless witnessed the ritualistic work of some of the many clans, such as the *kachina,* the snake and other public dances, and saw the performers painted and masked enacting their curious rites. It might well be that the Spaniards characterized such performances as mummery and masquerading.

The Hopi is devoted to his religion and is forever worshiping in the *kiva,* or working rituals in the open village streets. Whether through natural instincts, or because of his re-

ligious teachings, he is peaceable, as his name implies, honest, truthful to a degree, and industrious. Indeed a Hopi that steals is rare and one that lies is ostracized. He never invented an intoxicant and there are no oaths in his language.

But he is a pagan and he clings to his paganism with the utmost tenacity. For many years missionaries of various denominations have worked assiduously among the Hopis and the Navajos, but, though the missionaries are treated with consideration, never has one Hopi been truly converted to Christianity, nor has the firm foundation of his old pagan faith been shaken. One missionary near Tuba stated that he had spent the best efforts of ten years of his life among the Hopis and Navajos, but he could not honestly say that his work had been productive of a single convert.

To the unbiased observer it would seem that the Hopis have no need of a new religion. Christianity would in no way raise their moral standard, and it is safe to say that even though they were led to renounce their pagan beliefs they would not accept a new faith, though like other Indians they might outwardly profess to do so; and robbed of faith in a religion that holds them closely to a high standard of moral

living, and failing to accept at heart the new, they would unfailingly fall into degeneracy, for it is an axiom that when any people is robbed of a religion that guides and holds to upright living, that people falls into moral degeneracy, and it may be said of our Indians that when their faith is once shaken in the religion of their ancestors, it is the end of their faith in any religion. Outwardly they may accept Christianity, but in their hearts they do not. This is the basis of the decadence of the North American Indian as a man, of his loss of self-respect and his degeneracy. It is deplorable but it is true.

The Hopi is a monogamist and rarely does one remain unmarried. Husband and wife are true and devoted to one another and to their children. I was unable upon diligent inquiry to learn of any instance where husband and wife had separated for any cause. Might it not be well for Christians to take instruction from Hopi Indians in moral conduct and the matrimonial relationship? Their moral living, pagans as they are, is certainly preferable to the Sodom and Gomorrha condition of too many of our Christian civilized communities.

Some Hopi and Navajo Indians are annually sent away by the government to Eastern schools

to be educated, but invariably they return to the old life and old superstitions—those of them who do not die of tuberculosis, and a large percentage of those taken away do contract it. One of these Indians educated in an Eastern school lives in the Hopi village near Tuba. In discussing the banishment of a missionary from another Hopi village the year before, he remarked in all seriousness:

"The missionary attempted to stop our people holding the rain dance. Without the dance there would be no rain, the corn crop would be a failure, and the people would starve. What could they do but drive the missionary away? They were quite right."

This Indian, in spite of his Eastern education and Christian teaching, had never swerved from his absolute faith in the *kachinas* and their powers.

Though the Hopi and the Navajo Indians live side by side, they belong to different linguistic families and are quite dissimilar in customs, habits of life, and religious beliefs. The former belong to the Shoshonean; the latter, like the Apaches, to the great Athapascan family. They differ also in physical appearance, though the Navajo type is less definite and pronounced than the Hopi. Indeed it may

be said there is no well-defined Navajo type representative of the tribe as a whole. In general, however, the Navajo is taller, his features cleaner cut, and he is handsomer than the Hopi.

This lack of definiteness in type is undoubtedly due to mixture of race. Anthropologists who have studied their legends and traced their migrations conclude that small, disconnected groups or families, wandering into New Mexico and Arizona, formed the nucleus of the tribe. Some of these stocks were Athapascan, but there were also accessions of Tanoan, Yuman, Shoshonean, Keresan, and Aryan stocks, and finally numerous clans from the Pacific coast, undoubtedly of the Athapascan family, joined them and influenced their language to such an extent that the conglomerate people, now thoroughly welded into one, adopted an Athapascan dialect. This mixture of Indian races naturally resulted in a more or less indefinite type, and though the Navajo, like the Apache, speaks an Athapascan dialect, he bears a much closer resemblance to the Pueblo Indian than to the Apache.

Navajo legends tell us that the gods created the first clan, in Arizona, some five hundred years ago. Previous inhabitants of the earth

had been destroyed by giants or demons. This story of creation doubtless indicated the migration into Arizona of the nucleus clan. Dr. F. W. Hodge, the noted American anthropologist, has shown that the Navajo legend of the beginning of the tribe is substantially correct, though he places the date at less than five hundred years.

Before the close of the seventeenth century the Navajos had grown into a powerful tribe and developed warlike tendencies. Early settlers in New Mexico and Arizona were constantly harassed by them. Col. Alexander W. Doniphon led an expedition against them in 1846 and concluded a treaty of peace with them in the autumn of that year, but they very quickly broke it and returned to the warpath. In 1849 Col. John M. Washington led another expedition against them and forced them into the peace treaty of Cañon de Chelly on September ninth of that year. Again they broke their treaty, and in 1863 Kit Carson, with a considerable force, moved against them, determined to put an end to their wars. He reduced them to the point of starvation by wholesale destruction of their sheep and finally succeeded in taking the greater part of the tribe prisoners to Fort Sumner. The government held them in

captivity until 1867, when they were returned to their original country and liberated, and flocks of sheep were given them by the government. They have never since gone upon the warpath.

The tribe numbered 7,300 at the time they were liberated. In 1900 they had increased to upwards of 20,000, and in 1910 to approximately 35,000. This large increase in numbers is undoubtedly due to the fact that they have been permitted to remain in their original country and to maintain their normal habits and methods of life, in a wide and ample territory. Their reservation, chiefly desert land, lying at an average altitude of 6,000 feet above the sea, has little or no attraction to the white settler. It includes an area of 9,503,763 acres, practically no part of which is adapted to agriculture. It offers, however, fair pasturage for sheep and goats, in which animals the Navajos are rich and from the sale of wool and blankets enjoy a regular income, which enables them to live comfortably and without privation.

It is said that in a raid upon an early Spanish settlement on the Rio Grande, they secured their first flock of sheep. Pueblo women doubtless taught them the art of weaving blankets from the wool, and thus they developed the

blanket for which they are celebrated; from this beginning the Navajo became a pastoral people.

They are true Bedouins in their habits, constantly moving from place to place with their flocks, living in hogans and defying civilization. Some of them, where water is sufficiently plentiful to irrigate small areas of land, raise maize, fruit, and melons, but agriculture is secondary to sheep herding, and once their crops are gathered they move and continue to move until planting time comes again.

The Navajo is exceedingly fond of personal adornment. He dresses, when he can afford it, in velvet, and bedecks himself in ornaments of turquoise and silver. Some of their silversmiths, working with the crudest implements, fashion necklaces, bracelets, and other jewelry of real artistic merit. Their pottery, however, is of very indifferent quality, as is also their basketware.

Like most of our North American Indians, the Navajos are found to be talkative, jovial, and good-natured on acquaintance, though silent and apparently sullen in the presence of strangers. They say that the supremest creation of the Great Spirit was the Navajo Indian; the next lower the Paiute; then the Hopi; and,

lowest and meanest of all in the scale of human creation, the white man. They are inveterate gamblers, and at the same time very fond of sports and games that call for physical prowess. Their runners are famous for endurance and the rapidity with which they can cover long distances, and, possessing many ponies, both sexes ride from earliest childhood.

They are an industrious, progressive people, ever ready for employment that will yield them remuneration. The women hold a high social position in the tribe and are treated with great consideration. Descent is on the mother's side, and a son belongs to his mother's, not his father's, clan. When he marries he must choose a wife from another clan than his own.

Recent investigations prove the Navajo a deeply religious people. They possess a wealth of myths and legends. Their religious ritual embraces a vast number of prayers. Their musical compositions bear a strong resemblance to our own. The many divinities of the Navajo are principally animal and nature gods, of whom the chief is the Goddess Estsanatlehi (woman who changes). This goddess doubtless represents Nature, blooming forth in beauty in spring, fading in autumn, withering in winter, to burst forth with new life and

beauty again with each return of spring—never dying, like mankind, but passing from youth to old age to rejuvenate herself and live over again her life, year after year, into infinity.

Religious ceremonies are held at irregular intervals, the prime incentive of all these ceremonies being to heal the sick. Their intricate rituals usually require nine days in performance, and sachems or priests, personators of gods, are called upon to repeat a vast number of prayers, interspersed with songs. All must be done with absolute exactness, and preparation for the work calls for all but superhuman memories on the part of the performers. The medicine lodge and the sweat house are used, with paraphernalia of ceremonial rugs, baskets, medicine tubes, and costumes.

One of the most remarkable features of these ceremonies is the wonderful sand paintings, executed by the artist priests with colored sand, representing mythical beings or occurrences. There is no doubt that the sand painting portion of the Navajo rituals was drawn from similar paintings and work of the Pueblo Indians and has been modified by the Navajo to suit the requirements of his religion. Gaming, horse racing, and foot racing are held in conjunction with the nine-day religious ceremonies.

Unlike the Hopi, the Navajo is exceedingly superstitious about handling dead bodies. He believes that the evil spirit that kills a person hovers about the hogan, or lodge, awaiting other victims, and a hogan in which a death occurs is never again occupied. Navajo hogans are always built with the entrance facing the east, and when a death takes place in one of them another opening is invariably made in the north side. Therefore, when one sees a hogan with an opening to the north, one may be certain that some one has died in it and that it has been abandoned.

Thus the Navajos live the free, pastoral, nomadic life for which nature has designed them, with an ample reservation over which to range. They are industrious and progressive, enjoying the good health insured them by a free, wild life in the region to which they are acclimated. This is why they are increasing in numbers. They are industrious and progressive because they have a religious faith that holds them to a high standard of morality and permits them to maintain their self-respect.

Our visit at Tuba was all too short, and with regret we turned our back upon this charming oasis, and its interesting people, to renew our trail over the desert to Utah and the north.

Note.—In compiling the material in this chapter relative to the Hopi and Navajo Indians, I have drawn largely upon the reports of such noted anthropologists as Dr. F. W. Hodge, Dr. Washington Matthews, and James Stevenson, and upon the publications of the American Bureau of Ethnology, and have endeavored to verify by undisputed authority all of my personal observations and investigations made upon the ground.—D. W.

CHAPTER X

GOOD-BYE TO ARIZONA

TEN miles northwest of Tuba is Willow Spring. Between Tuba and Willow Spring is Lee's Ranch, the former home of the renegade Lee, and just beyond is Moen Ave. At all of these places springs gush out of the cliffs. A missionary resides at Lee's Ranch, and Navajo Indians have small, poorly cared for gardens at Moen Ave. Willow Spring is the last of the series of oases bordering upon Tuba and the Moen Copie in the northerly course that we were to follow. Beyond are the Cottonwood tanks, McClellan tanks, and Limestone tanks, cavities in rocks at the foot of cañons that catch and hold rain water. Sometimes after long dry periods some or all of these tanks are empty, as water evaporates quickly here. Always the water to be found in them is stale.

Fifty miles beyond Willow Spring is Bitter Spring, the first dependable water, but no one ever drinks it unless driven to do so by extremity, and even then in small quantities, for it is rank with ill-tasting minerals and contains a percentage of poison. Ten miles beyond Bitter Spring, however, Navajo Spring, pure and cold, bubbles out of a cañon in the Echo Cliffs, and ten miles beyond Navajo Spring is Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River.

We wound down the trail that leads from the mesa to the lower level, passed Lee's Ranch and Moen Ave and at midforenoon reached Willow Spring, watered our horses, filled our canteens, and drank deeply ourselves, for we realized that this was the last good water we were to have until we reached Navajo Springs. Then we turned into the trail leading northward over the desert, following the red-and-pink walls of Echo cliffs, which rose on our right a serrated ridge several hundred feet in height, while to the left lay a mesa broken with many cañons. During the afternoon Cottonwood tanks were passed, a pile of stones by the side of the main trail marking the by-trail which led to the tanks a mile to the westward in the mouth of a cañon.

All the country was naked of vegetation,

save greasewood and sage brush. It was a season of excessive drought, and where normally the traveler might expect to find pasturage for his horses the sand reaches spread out quite bare of nurturing browse. Scarcely a blade of grass indeed was seen, until in mounting Cedar Ridge a bit of fairly good browsing was encountered on the summit among the straggling, stunted cedars which cover it. Here we turned our famished animals loose to forage.

Our fire was scarce lighted when a young Paiute buck rode up, dismounted, and in the most matter-of-course way squatted by the fire to await a share of the supper John was cooking. When he had eaten his fill he asked for tobacco, as though it were his right. We supplied his needs and he sat with us and smoked until dusk. He spoke very good English, and before mounting his pony to gallop away, remarked:

"Me plenty tobacco; me money; grub plenty; no poor Indian. White man always give Indian eat; smoke."

He was proud and wished us to understand that he was in no sense a beggar, but a visitor.

Usually the Indians met with by the traveler along this desert trail are Navajos, with an occasional Paiute north of Tuba. They are not

evil-disposed toward the traveler, and their visits to travelers' camps are prompted by a natural curiosity to see the white man and the white man's outfit, and occasionally they come to barter. But the main object is always the comparative certainty of securing a square meal and a smoke. Indians are ever ready to eat, and tobacco is dear to their hearts.

Some writers who have visited the Navajo country describe in highly colored, sensational, and sometimes even blood-curdling terms the Indians' descent upon their camps. They tell of whooping, screeching Indians riding down upon them with horses at a run and then watching them with suspicious and sinister looks; and the traveler tells us how his party keeps vigil through the night, hourly expecting to be attacked by the blood-thirsty savages! He impresses upon us how very brave he is to venture into the territory of these wild Indians.

All this is nonsense. The Indian habitually rides at a canter. Very often he whoops upon approaching a camp, but this is to herald his coming, that the camper may not be startled by his unannounced arrival. He who feels even the least tingle of fear or apprehension through the Indian's visit is a timid creature indeed. These "adventures" have a place with the

stories of travelers in our northern forests who endeavor to impress their readers with the belief that wild beasts line the trail, awaiting a chance to devour the unwary, and that only the untiring vigilance and superb bravery of the traveler-writer saves him from a thousand deaths. We have, let it be said, no wilderness in the United States where one requires as much as a revolver for protective purposes. The Indians are quite harmless and there is but one animal to be feared—the hydrophobic skunk mentioned in another chapter.

Let me say also that danger on the desert from rattlesnakes is largely illusory. The rattler lurks in bunches of sage and greasewood, and the traveler must practice a small amount of ordinary caution, but that is all. At night the snakes are harmless, for they lie quiet after sundown when the cool of evening comes, and it is quite unnecessary to spread hair lariats or other obstacles around the camp to keep them out. A rattlesnake bite is painful, but is by no means likely to be fatal if simple treatment is resorted to promptly. I have known many men who have been bitten, but never one who died from a rattlesnake bite. One soon ceases to give the snakes a thought.

Beyond Cedar Ridge we visited both Mc-

Watering at McClellan's Tanks.

House Rock From Which House Rock Valley Takes Its Name.

Clellan and Limestone tanks. Each lay a mile or more to the left of our trail in cañons cutting the mesa. The government had enlarged the former tank with cement walls, thus considerably increasing its capacity. We halted at both to water the horses, and at Limestone tanks—several deep holes in the limestone rocks, just as nature made them—where the water was less stale than at McClellan tanks, we replenished our canteens. The trails branching to both from the main trail, as in the case of Cottonwood tanks, were marked by piles of stones.

The scenery here is exceedingly picturesque. To the left lies the mesa broken by its numerous cañons; to the right rise the highly colored Echo Cliffs; to the north, beyond the level stretch of desert, and at right angles to Echo Cliffs, rise the equally rugged and highly colored Vermilion Cliffs beyond Marble Cañon and the Colorado River, which they parallel. Deep as the gash is, however, through which the Colorado flows, no hint of its presence is given the traveler as he looks away over the great stretch of country to Vermilion Cliffs. Indeed, one might ride almost to the very brink of the cañon before discovering it. Distances are vast and deceiving. One may ride toward

an observed point that appears very near at hand, but frequently hours of steady plodding will be consumed before the point is reached.

Echo Cliffs finally turn sharply to the northeast, to be lost in a great mass of red, yellow, and gray peaks through which the Colorado winds its way, to the point where the Vermilion Cliffs on the north side of the river have their beginning. Deep down among these peaks lies Lee's Ferry. Bitter Spring is near the bend in Echo Cliffs. We did not stop here, but did halt at Navajo Springs, which were reached early in the forenoon of the third day from Tuba. Onward from Navajo Springs our course was up and down across deep gulches, until near midday we encountered the mass of broken mountain peaks and the Colorado River.

The old emigrant trail led around and through a pass by a circuitous route to the ferry, but a new and shorter trail has been cut along the edge of a cliff and several hundred feet above the river which washes the cliff's base. This we followed, with rocks hanging high above us and an almost perpendicular drop to the water below. I was mounted on Shorty and was exceedingly glad when we began our descent to the ferry, for I never knew

when Shorty might take it into his fickle head to rear or buck. However, the passage was made in safety.

Here we found several tents and an extensive placer mining plant in course of erection. The sands at this point and for a hundred miles above are rich with gold, but in such fine particles that heretofore it has not been found possible to wash it. The company establishing the present plant, however, claim to have secured machinery that will do the work profitably.

The ferry, a small scow, is attached to a cable stretched across the river, and is operated by hand. It was in so dilapidated a condition, and so dangerous at this time, that no charge was made for taking passengers or outfits across, and travelers accepting the passage did so at their own risk. The approach was in very poor condition and horses could be loaded only at danger of broken legs. There was nothing to do but attempt it, however, and two miners volunteered to assist us. The horses were unsaddled and unpacked, our outfit loaded, and the animals finally taken aboard without accident.

It will be remembered that this was a novel experience for range horses, but all of them behaved exceedingly well save Shorty. While

John and the miners worked the ferry across I held him by the nose. Once he lifted me clear off my feet in an effort to rear and plunge, and I thought for a moment both of us were going overboard. But nothing of consequence happened, and at length we found ourselves and outfit safely landed on the north bank of the Colorado.

Lee's Ferry, as previously stated, was established by the Mormon elder John D. Lee a little way above the junction of the Paria with the Colorado River. Not far from the ferry, on the north side of the Colorado, is a small stone house, built and once occupied by Lee and a mile or so beyond, where the Paria Cañon widens, is an alluvial flat, embracing thirty or forty acres, which Lee cleared and irrigated. He built himself a ranch house here where he lived in hiding, when not at Moen Ave or Tuba, and here he was found with his fourteenth wife, Emeline Vaughn, by Major J. W. Powell, when Major Powell made his second exploratory journey down the Colorado. Major Powell describes the meeting with Lee as follows:

"In making a turn around the cliff, I was surprised to see a little rude stone house, and as I approached it a woman opened the door

and hastily reappeared with a gun in her hand. She was quickly followed by a man, also with a gun. In a threatening attitude they came out to meet me; being unarmed myself I spoke to them by bidding them good-day and making some pleasant remark, but not until I had heard the woman say to the man, 'Don't shoot, he's all right.' I entered into a conversation with them and they invited me to eat melons, which I did with a gusto, and we parted with expressions of good will—for they seemed very much interested in my explorations and came down to the river to see me off."

Emeline Vaughn was an athlete and she told Major Powell she could whip her "weight in wildcats." Lee was later arrested and tried for his part in the Mountain Meadows massacre, and on March twenty-seventh, 1877, was executed upon the scene of the massacre, near a pile of stones which marks the grave of the murdered emigrants. He was a descendant of General Lee of Revolutionary fame, and a blood relation of the Confederate General Robert E. Lee.

The ferry became the property of the Mormon church and was held by the church until the year 1910, when it was purchased by the Grand Cañon Cattle Company. Navajo

County, Arizona, has since arranged with the cattle company to build and install a new and safe boat and make the approaches safe, and doubtless these improvements were completed a few weeks after our passage.

What was John's surprise to find one of his nieces, her husband, and her husband's brother —Johnson by name—in charge of the property in the interests of the cattle company. Our welcome was royal. Watermelons and muskmelons from the irrigated garden and apples from the orchard were set before us, unexpected luxuries.

Our bed spread in the open, as usual, was, however, the most uncomfortable of the trip, for here in the depths of the cañon the night was very warm, mosquitoes were much too numerous and active, and we were glad enough the next morning to wind our way to the high plain above the river.

Here we were on the Kaibab Plateau. The scenery through this whole region is overpowering in its grandeur. The highly colored peaks and cliffs, rising in rugged confusion on every side, the cañons, and the sullen river below combine to form one of nature's wonder spots. One notable landmark, which we had passed on the south of the Colorado River—

the Shinumo Altar—stood out prominently on the landscape and within our view for two days. On the plains we followed for several days the Vermilion Cliffs, plodding our way toward the Buckskin Mountains to the westward, through which the Colorado breaks to form that stupendous work of nature, the Grand Cañon, and to the southwest the entrance of the great gorge was plainly visible.

Fifteen miles from the ferry we crossed Soap Creek. A tiny bit of water trickled down over the sand and we dug a hole with our cups that the horses might drink. The next water was at Jacob's Pools, and twelve miles farther a vile sink hole. Beyond that lay House Rock Spring and finally Coyote Holes.

On the third day from Lee's Ferry we crossed Jones' buffalo range in House Rock Valley and saw one lone buffalo cow, which watched us curiously from a distance. That evening the Escalante Mountains in Utah loomed ahead, grim and gray. On our right the Vermilion Cliffs still held their place, and very near now on our left lay the blue-gray Buckskins. It was that night, near dark, that we reached the Coyote Holes and camped near them, for a day's march lay between them and the next water.

Here we had the first rain since leaving the Mogollon Mesa, far south of Winslow. All night it poured. We did not pitch our tent, but drew it over us and were very snug and comfortable as we slept.

Another day carried us over the end of the Buckskins with their scanty growth of scrubby cedars and piñons, though farther southward lies a great forest of pine. This region is included within the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve, and on a lonely, scrubby cedar in the midst of sagebrush and far from timber an active ranger with a sense of humor had posted a warning against forest fires.

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, August 13th, we rode into the little Mormon hamlet of Johnson, on the edge of the desert, and were welcomed and entertained for the night by John's oldest sister, Mrs. Young, whom he had not seen for many years. On Sunday we continued to Kanab, fourteen miles below Johnson, and here John met his mother. He had not seen her in fourteen years, and she did not recognize him when he presented himself to her. The meeting was most affecting. John, the frontiersman, could not repress his tears as he took his old mother in his arms. She was a sweet old lady, born in Cambridge, Mass., sev-

At Limestone Tanks We Replenished Our Canteens.

Kanab Dam, 300 Feet Long, 50 Feet High, Built by Ranchmen.
Holds Kanab's Prosperity.

enty-eight years before, of an old New England family.

"My oldest child," she said with pride, "is a daughter sixty years old. John is my baby. I have two hundred and three living descendants, and one hundred and one great grandchildren. That isn't race suicide, is it?"

Kanab lies just north of the Arizona line, in Kane County, Utah. In crossing the line I had left Arizona behind me, and my trail thence was to carry me through the entire length of Utah, from its southern to its northern boundary. In reaching this point we had traversed a full eight hundred miles of Arizona mountain and desert trails and passed through some of the Territory's best game and fish country. In the course of this journey I was impressed with the fact that Arizona's wild game is receiving scant attention and protection. The system of wardenship appeared to me most inadequate. Everywhere men spoke most unreservedly of killing deer and antelope in and out of season, and few had any realization of the necessity of protecting these animals, or possessed any sense of an obligation to respect the game laws. To a certain extent this is perhaps a condition bound to prevail in every sparsely settled region, but the game regions of Arizona could

be, with small expense, and most assuredly should be, better patrolled and the game laws more stringently enforced than at present.

This lack of protection has already resulted in the extinction of elk in Arizona. Antelope, once so numerous on the open plains, are nearing extinction. Mountain sheep, which, as in the case of antelope, now have perpetual protection by law, are few in number and, like antelope, are killed in spite of law, because there are too few and in some sections practically no wardens to watch the hunters and enforce the law.

In the nature of the case it is extremely difficult, I may say impossible, to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount of game inhabiting so wide an area as that embraced within the bounds of Arizona. There is a small band of mountain sheep in the Four Peaks in the southeast, probably some fifteen or twenty; another small band of ten or perhaps fifteen on Ord and Thomas Peaks, another band in Artillery Peak in the west, with the larger bands in the Grand Cañon region. It has been claimed that a small number inhabit the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff.

I visited Flagstaff and interviewed hunters at Winslow, who are familiar with these moun-

tains, with the hope of verifying this, but the reports were most indefinite and unsatisfactory. I could find not one man who could say positively that he had seen so much as a single sheep here in several years, and others declared that there were none. This leads me to the regretful conclusion that the last mountain sheep to inhabit the San Francisco Peaks was killed a few years since. As a result of this personal observation, as well as information obtained through correspondence, I am led to estimate the number of mountain sheep in Arizona at approximately four hundred, and it is certain that this is an exceedingly liberal estimate.

In the White Mountains, in the Mogollon Mesa, and in the Buckskin Mountains, as well as elsewhere, there are still a great many deer, but it would be quite useless even to attempt to approximate their number. Bear, too, are still fairly plentiful, though rarely now, it may be said never, does one hear of their depredations upon ranches, and the time has undoubtedly come when some protection should be extended to them. It is certain that the bounty on them should be discontinued.

Predatory animals, chiefly jaguars and coyotes, are plentiful and are a large factor in the destruction of game. The jaguar doubtless

plays a larger part than the huntsman's rifle in diminishing and gradually but surely pushing to extinction the small herds of mountain sheep still left to Arizona.

Here at Kanab John and I were to part, he to return to Pinedale, I to continue alone on the trail to the northward.

CHAPTER XI

POPLAR TREES AND MORMON BEARDS

KANAB village lies in the center of a small area irrigated by the waters of Kanab Creek, which is dammed to make a reservoir where the mountains above the settlement close in to form the upper cañon. Stretching out below Kanab on either side of the creek, or wash, as it is locally called, is a desert area over which cattle roam and somehow subsist and thrive upon exceedingly scant pasturage. On the east of the creek the desert reaches down to the forest covered region of the Buckskin or Kaibab Plateau, the game region, where jaguar, deer, and bear are plentiful, while to the west of the creek lies the Kanab Plateau. Not far below Kanab the creek passes through a gorge which soon grows into a mighty and picturesque cañon, with walls of

vari-colored rock rising four thousand feet above the creek, where it joins the Colorado River in the Grand Cañon.

A year before our visit the dam above Kanab gave way and left the settlement without water, either to irrigate its fields or for household purposes. This was so great a calamity to the settlement that for a time it was a question with the people whether it would not be cheaper for them to abandon Kanab and their homes permanently than to rebuild the dam, a course which would have meant to the majority a loss of their all. It was finally decided, however, to rebuild. A spring was tapped in the mountains and the water piped to the settlement for household use. Until this was accomplished all water had to be hauled several miles in barrels.

This provision of necessity made, the settlers turned with the will of pioneers to the task of constructing the dam. It was a tremendous undertaking to build a sufficient and efficient dam across the cañon without the assistance of machinery or modern apparatus, but every man and boy capable of handling pick or shovel, and every horse in the settlement, went to the work, and at the end of a year this all but superhuman task had been completed.

During this period no gardens were planted and no crops raised, for nothing will grow in this arid region without the assistance of artificial irrigation. When we were in Kanab the fields were dry and dead and the leaves on orchard and shade trees withered and falling like frost-killed leaves in late autumn.

The dam was finished, however, the water behind it, forty feet deep, was almost high enough to turn into the sluiceways that feed the irrigation ditches, and it was expected that within a week the fields would be watered, with still an ample season to grow one crop of alfalfa before winter set in. We found the people, with deliverance from long drought at hand, hopeful and jubilant and in high spirits. over the prospects.

Kanab is the center of a stock region, but much fruit of a high quality is grown in its limited irrigated area. Westward, in Washington County, Utah, some two days' journey by wagon trail from Kanab, lies the famous Dixie fruit region, in the Rio Virgin Valley. The valley there is sunken low between the mountains and particularly adapted to fruit growing. A variety of seedless raisin grape, peculiar to Dixie, is unsurpassed in the world, and the natives assert that California has never produced

a pear or peach, or any fruit in fact, of higher quality or flavor than the fruit of Dixie.

One feature of Kanab is its weekly newspaper, the *Lone Cedar*. This is perhaps the smallest newspaper published in the United States. The editor, Mr. C. H. Townsend, sets the type and prints it himself on a hand press, and I understand that every family in Kanab was on its subscription list. It is pungent, original, and typically frontier. One or two paragraphs quoted from the issue of August 20th, 1910, will serve as illustrations of its aggressive and characteristic style:

"Mr. Townson

"Please to not let us see Cora Button's name attacht to scandel in the Lone Cedar once more

"her Freind

"KANAB UTAH

look out for trouble if you

DO"

"Such rot as this shoved under an editor's door never has nor never will gain the writer of it any consideration from a newspaper. The Lone Cedar will not be intimidated out of publishing the Court News by any such trash especially when we know who writes it. . . . No one ever saw a word of scandal in the Lone Cedar. This is a newspaper and the news will be printed regardless of threats of any character."

Another news item closes with the statement that "John R. Findlay sustained all the local Forest officials without being shot."

And again,—"Altho the editor cannot go to

the Sunday School Convention, we do the next best thing possible, we send our wife."

The following advertisement appeared in the same issue:

"NOTICE

"Before going to marry, fish or hunt call on the County Clerk and get your license, it saves trouble.

"License to marry	$ 2.50
Fish and Hunt, resident,	1.25
" " " non-resident	5.00
" " " Alien,	100.00"

Whether a special reduction was made to one taking out at the same time licenses to fish, hunt, and get married does not appear.

It was necessary that John have both a saddle and a pack horse for his journey back to Pinedale, and we made a trade by which Shorty and Bill passed into his possession and I acquired his horse Heart, retaining Button. My purpose was to use the former, which was the heavier animal, as my saddle horse and to pack Button. It was with much regret that I parted from the faithful Bill. He was not much to look at, but he was all horse; and Shorty, too, in spite of his tendency to buck, was an affectionate little beast and had endeared himself to me.

All of the animals were in excellent condi-

tion, though they had crossed eight hundred miles of rugged mountain and desert trails; thanks to John's experience and care, they had come through with clean, unblemished backs. Both Button and Bill had packed loads of never less than one hundred and often of two hundred pounds throughout the hot summer, and it was due alone to John's skill in adjustment and his constant watchfulness that they had accomplished it with never a resultant gall or sore. Anyone who has packed animals under similar conditions will understand that this was a really remarkable performance.

Comrades of the trail, sleeping and eating together, enjoying the same fire, and sharing the same discomforts, become closely attached to one another where they are congenial camp companions. So it was with John and me, and both of us were honestly sorry when we shook hands and I rode away. Horses, too, no less than men, form attachments on the trail, and when we passed the corral in which Bill and Shorty were confined, the two ran along the fence and whinnied. Button answered them, and only stolid old Heart, attending strictly to his work, seemed not to care that he was parting from them forever and gave them no heed as he jogged out into the dusty cañon trail.

Mount Carmel, a small Mormon settlement twenty miles north-northwest of Kanab, in one of the valleys of the Rio Virgin, locally known as Long Valley, was the next village upon my route. The road to Mount Carmel carried me past the new dam, which had so long held the fortunes of Kanab in suspense. I should judge its length, which is the cañon's width here, to be three hundred feet, and its height from the creek bed fifty feet. Several hundred feet of tunnel had been cut through solid rock. The dam and works, constructed by hand and without the aid of machinery, make it indeed a remarkable monument to the perseverance of the ranchmen who built it and an example of what men may accomplish with bare hands under the spur of necessity.

The cañon road was very good to a point where I turned from it to cross a mountain ridge lying between Kanab Wash and the Rio Virgin. Here soft, loose sand made progress slow and tedious, and the horses, sinking deep at every step, soon wearied. It was the most tiresome stretch of trail encountered upon the whole journey.

The scenery, as one ascends the ridge, is varied and entrancing. To the eastward, beyond Kanab Cañon, great white and pink cliffs

puncture the landscape, and beyond them lie the Escalante Mountains, rugged and sere. Above rise other white cliffs, visible through stunted cedars. As I gained the summit I passed very near these cliffs and still farther on skirted what are locally known as the "Washed Cliffs," the sides worn into smooth-scoured ridges or waves.

Descending the west slope of the ridge, I was treated to a magnificent view of the country to the westward. The sun was setting in an effulgence of marvelous colors behind lofty, serrated peaks, which rolled away toward Dixie. Below, in shadow, lay the narrow valley of the Rio Virgin, enclosed by high ramparts of rock, which the sun still gilded. The river itself, a silver thread, wound down the valley, to be lost in a cañon below, and the little village of Mount Carmel lay snug and cozy, surrounded by green alfalfa fields and gardens, in vivid contrast to the gray sand stretch and somber, towering cliffs.

The sun had set before the descent into the valley was accomplished and the river forded, and deep twilight had settled when I reached a ranch at the outskirts of the hamlet. The door of the little log ranchhouse stood open, but the place was quite deserted save by a cat,

dozing upon the doorstep. A fire in the stove was not quite dead, and soiled dishes on a table indicated that some one had recently eaten and was probably not far away. My horses were quite fagged with their climb over the sandy ridge, and for a moment I was undecided whether or not I should turn them into a near-by corral, throw them hay from a stack of alfalfa, and take possession of the house myself. In Arizona I should have felt quite free to do this, but as yet I had not learned the temper of the people of southern Utah and I therefore remounted and rode on. A little way up the village street I met a horseman and inquired of him:

"Can I get forage for my horses anywhere here?"

"There's an outfit just ahead with a load of hay. It's Bishop Sorenson. He'll fix you out," he answered. "Why didn't you stop at my ranch?"

"Is that your ranch a mile back?"

"You bet."

"I stopped, but no one was home but the cat."

"No, I'm bachin'. You should have gone in and asked no questions. Cat wouldn't ha' said a damn word. Sorry ye' didn't stop."

I thanked him and rode on to overtake the Bishop.

Every Mormon settlement has its bishop. He is the local head of the church, and not only fills a position similar to that of pastor, but collects tithings and presides over the temporal interests of the church in his district. He is not a professional theologian, but a ranchman or business man.

Bishop Sorenson placed at my disposal a corral adjoining a barn, with hay and open stalls for the horses, with no other restriction than that my campfire should not be lighted within the corral.

"Jake," he called to a tall, lank young fellow, "show the way over to the c'ral."

Jake, who had been an interested and curious spectator, was not only willing but anxious for the service. It gave him an opportunity to satisfy his curiosity concerning me.

"Come fur?" he asked while I unpacked.

"Quite a distance."

"Prospectin'?"

"No."

"Ridin' range?"

"No."

"Surveyin'?"

"No, just riding through the country."

"Come from St. George?"

"No, Kanab."

"Hain't been there long, I reckon. I pack th' mail from there regular an' I never seen ye."

"I reached there yesterday. I rode up through Arizona, and I've come upwards of eight hundred miles."

"Across th' Injun country?"

"Yes."

"What fer?"

"Oh, just for a ride."

He spat contemplatively and was silent while I uncinched Button's pack saddle and removed the blanket. Rubbing his hand down the pony's round, smooth back, he asked:

"Where'd you get th' cayuse?"

"In Arizona."

"Pack him all th' way?"

"Rode or packed him every day."

"Plumb good packin'. He hain't got a scratch. Don't look as though he done it, but I reckon he did if you say so."

"I reckon so."

"Funny place just fer a ride, acrost th' Injun country. Must ha' been plumb hot on th' desert?"

"It was."

"Was you alone all th' way?"

"No, a friend was with me, but he turned back at Kanab."

Another spit, followed by another brief silence.

"Ever wear chaps?" he inquired.

"No, I don't need them."

"Sheriff's lookin' fer two fellers that rustled some cayuses over in Colorado. One of 'em rides a buckskin an' wears new leather chaps. I don't reckon you seen 'em?"

"No."

He stood around for a few moments, then bade me good night and disappeared in the darkness. I was very glad that I did not ride a buckskin cayuse and possessed no chaps. Several days later I met the sheriff up the trail and had breakfast with him. He informed me that one of the horse thieves had been caught in Nevada and he hoped soon to have the other "corralled."

The valley above Mount Carmel, well watered and verdant, was a pleasing contrast to the parched desert, with its stifling heat and burning sand, so recently left behind. It was good to drink the clear cold waters of the springs and lave in the sparkling river pouring down over a gravelly bed. The narrow

valley is hemmed in by picturesque cliffs of pink and white and gray formation, with rugged, lofty mountains rising above and rolling away to the eastward.

Stately Lombardy poplars line the streets of the settlements and surround the ranchmen's homes, a characteristic of all Mormon settlements. Later I came instinctively to think of the poplars as inverted beards of Mormon elders and to wonder whether the Mormons chose this as their shade tree because it so resembled the beards of the aforesaid elders, or whether the elders so admired the trees, or so wished to harmonize with their surroundings, that they trimmed their beards to match the trees.

This whole region, from southwestern Utah to the San Juan country, is said to contain much iron and coal. The settlers assured me that one might ride over the country for a month and camp each night on coal—bituminous, cannel, and at some points anthracite. At Glendale, one of the settlements of Long Valley, coal was the exclusive fuel used, the householders mining sufficient for their individual needs. I fell in at Glendale with one Charles Levanger, a Norwegian, who invited me to inspect his coal mine, some three or four hundred yards from the center of the village. Here he

pointed out to me his tunnel, run at grade a little way into the mountainside, cutting a vein of what appeared to be fine, clean coal.

Like Levanger, a large proportion of the Mormon settlers, not only in Long Valley but throughout the Mormon country, are Scandinavians. Mormon proselyting among the Scandinavians, and particularly the Danes, appears most productive of results. Long Valley lies at a high altitude, and the winters are severe, with deep snows. This had led to the introduction of the ski by the Scandinavian settlers. It is generally used in the region, not only as a means of recreation, but as a necessity in winter travel, and nearly every one is expert in its use.

Near the head of Long Valley, where the Rio Virgin has its rise in many springs and brooklets, the timbered region begins, with pine and spruce forests spreading away over the hills. Here, at an altitude of seven thousand feet, I found the ranch of Fred S. Seaman, and where a spring of ice-cold water pours out of the hillside, just below the ranch house and looking down over long green meadows, I made a bivouac, not troubling to pitch a tent, for the weather was clear and fine. When my coffee was made and bacon sizzling in the pan, Mr. Seaman joined me for a chat, and as a

luxurious addition to my supper brought me a dish of rich, sweet cream, the first I had seen in many weeks.

Eighteen miles beyond Seaman's ranch lies Hatch, the first settlement on the west fork of the Sevier River. This I aimed to reach in half a day. From the ranch there is a gradual rise for several miles, before the descent is begun. I had crossed the divide and was dropping down the north slope when I met a horseman.

"How far is it to Hatch?" I inquired.

"Eight miles; maybe a little less," he answered.

This was encouraging. Two or three miles farther on I met another.

"How far to Hatch?" I asked.

"Plumb twelve miles, an' long ones," he advised, and my spirits fell.

Presently I met another, and still anxious to learn what progress I was making, I again put the question, "How far to Hatch?"

"Not more'n six miles."

I was again hopeful and expectant of soon discovering Hatch, until at the end of another two miles an individual insisted that Hatch was still "ten good, long miles away." The explanation of these various and discordant estimates

is that unmeasured distances are invariably gauged by travelers in accordance with the speed of their mounts. One riding a good horse is certain to underestimate; one riding a poor one as certain to overestimate.

At length Hatch, a small village chiefly of log and adobe buildings, was reached, and in due course Panguitch, the county seat and chief town of Garfield County, which, together with Hatch, lies in the Panguitch Valley. This, like the upper end of Long Valley, is situated at too high an altitude for successful fruit culture —or at least no fruit has yet been successfully grown here—and the settlers devote their attention to livestock. It is well watered, spreading out into wide and fertile fields green with alfalfa.

South of Panguitch the country may be designated a log cabin region. Many of the cabins of the first settlers still remain and are still occupied, though gradually, as prosperity comes, the people are moving into small but more pretentious homes. Panguitch has a population of one thousand, and with its comfortable frame and brick buildings, good stores, an ice-making plant, and a really good little country hotel, the people live with as much comfort and possess as many of the conveniences of conventional

life as do the people of nearly any country village of its size in the East. It can no longer be classed a frontier town, and upon riding into it I left the frontier behind. Marysvale, two days' journey to the northward, is the nearest railway station, and from there regular freighters with wagons drawn by four and occasionally six horses haul merchandise to Panguitch, which is the distributing point for Hatch and the other settlements to the south.

The road to Marysvale winds down Panguitch Valley through the beautiful cañon of the West Fork of the Sevier, where it breaks out into Round Valley, and thence passes on through Paiute Valley. It leads through the village of Junction, the county seat of Paiute County, so named because of the fact that it stands at the junction of the two forks of the Sevier, and thence the road crosses a ridge into Marysvale. This is a mining town of some importance and a terminus of a branch of the Rio Grande and Western Railroad. Some Chicago engineers were here, just returned from a survey of a route for a new railroad to the Grand Cañon in Arizona by way of the series of valleys through which I had ridden.

At the end of the lower valley, or "vale," the wagon road rises upon the mountains to

drop beyond into the beautiful Sevier Valley, dotted with parks of green trees that mark hamlets and villages, yellow, at this time, with ripening grain fields, interspersed with bright green alfalfa meadows, combining to form brilliant color effects and contrasts. To the westward the railroad enters the valley through the river cañon.

Halfway down the northern slope of the mountain I came upon a small ranch, on a narrow bench, its fields irrigated from a running spring. Here I halted to water the horses and drink from the spring myself. As I was about to remount the ranchman came around the house with a large pan of honey, just taken from the hive. He set it down for me to admire, and as I admired an angry bee stung me on the outer corner of my left eyelid and immediately another, to even matters up, stung me on the inner corner of my right eyelid.

The ranchman was offering his sympathy when he was stung just between his eyes. Thus bound by a common affliction, we became chummy. He offered me honey for luncheon and I accepted, and while the horses ate oats I enjoyed, as fully as circumstances would permit, an ample dish of honey and an hour's chat with my friend.

Now that I had reached the railroad, the country grew more populous. Little towns were passed at short intervals and wagons and equestrians were becoming numerous. As I jogged along one afternoon I heard the honk of an automobile horn. I glanced behind and saw the car bearing down at a terrific pace. Neither Heart nor Button had ever seen an automobile, and I concluded I was destined to take part in an impromptu circus performance there and then.

One end of Button's leading rope was fastened around his neck, the other end I secured to my saddle horn and prepared to hold Heart and depend upon the rope preventing a stampede of Button. A moment later the car passed like the wind, and to my astonishment neither horse paid it the slightest attention. They were absolutely fearless, I soon learned, of any moving engine, car, or noise, and when later I passed through Salt Lake City, with all its traffic, street cars, and automobiles, I felt safe to leave them standing in the busiest street, untethered, while I entered stores.

This was doubtless due to the thorough training they had received from Arizona cowboys. Both were "gunwise," that is, accustomed to having guns fired from their backs, and with

nerves thus tuned and drilled they were not frightened by sudden and unusual noise.

I was now in Sevier County, and an hour after the automobile passed me entered Richfield, the county seat, a prosperous little city of three thousand people. Very cosmopolitan it seemed as I rode down its long main street, to dismount at the Southern Hotel, where the weary horses and myself were to enjoy a two days' rest.

CHAPTER XII

WHERE PACKHORSES WERE UNKNOWN

RICHFIELD is referred to generally as a southern Utah town, though geographically it is situated not far south of the center of the State. Here, however, the northward-bound traveler leaves behind him practically the last remnant of pioneer life and enters into that of conventional, older-settled communities. South of Marysvale one sees horses saddled and bridled standing before every village store and ranchhouse, waiting patiently to serve their master's instant needs. This indicates a still remaining pioneer condition. In a new country the settlers walk little and ride much, for distances are long and the wagon is used far less than the saddle horse.

A few miles north of Richfield one rarely sees a mounted man. Boys ride bareback, to be

sure, as they do in the old-settled farming communities of the East, but the saddle horse is no longer a means of practical transportation, but of recreation with the few. The spurred rider, the freighter, and the stage coach are already of the past.

Fifty years ago cattle ranged these fertile valleys and the adjacent hills. Here the cowboy bloomed in all his glory.

"We were a pretty reckless lot," a one-time cowboy told me. "Our typical dress was a blue or red flannel shirt, trousers tucked in the tops of knee-high boots, and often Mexican chaps, a belt with one or two six-shooters hanging from it in holsters, Mexican spurs with immense rowels, a wide-brimmed Mexican sombrero, a cigarette, and a swagger. There you have a picture of the Utah cowboy of my day.

"The boys were generally a pretty good lot, but some were always going around with chips on their shoulders. We generally used cayuses with plenty of life in them and rode hard. Sometimes we'd get together to celebrate, and it wasn't uncommon to dash through a settlement and shoot it up, though we were always pretty careful not to hurt anyone. Those were good days, those reckless pioneer days, and I'd like to live them over."

Now and again a prospector may ride into Richfield leading a pack horse, but the younger generation know little of this mode of travel, and northward as one approaches Salt Lake City they know nothing of it whatever. Even the horses shied at Button and his pack and the people—the younger ones—stared at me as they would at a Bedouin in his desert garb, or a curious being of another world.

I recall one evening particularly that closed a long day's ride over dusty highways, constantly dodging flying automobiles. The horses were weary, and I, begrimed with dust, tired and out of patience with the world, was having all I could do to keep the poor animals to a pace above a slow walk, when I met two young cubs, seventeen or eighteen years of age, in a buggy. They had never seen a pack outfit in their tender young lives, but they had seen newspapers and cartoons, and staring at me in open-mouthed astonishment one facetiously exclaimed: "Hello, Teddy!" They did not laugh or even smile, but maintained serious expressions of countenance. Perhaps they thought me *The* Teddy, wandering unannounced through their country. Neither did I smile nor deign to answer them, though I thought many thoughts uncomplimentary to them, and it is

needless to say I saw no humor in the situation. Above all I wished most heartily to be back in the wilderness and God's open country again, where people know a pack outfit when they see it.

This illustrates the evolution of half a century—of much less than half a century. It illustrates the rapidity with which our country has been transformed, how readily we discard the old and adopt the new, how quickly we forget the things of yesterday. It illustrates how a country may pass through all the stages of evolution within half the lifetime of a man.

Fish Lake, famous among Utah anglers for its trout, lies in the mountains back of Richfield. During the season preceding my visit the State hatcheries secured 3,650,000 trout eggs from this lake alone, to be hatched in the Murray, Springville, and Panguitch hatcheries. It is the favorite resort of anglers of the valley, who are always certain to be rewarded with well-filled creels. Utah has five thousand miles of lakes and streams suitable for game fish, and her fish culturists are devoting themselves to keeping their waters stocked. In the year 1910 the culturists planted 4,379,010 Eastern brook, German brown, and rainbow trout fry, and 5,197,000 native trout fry, to say nothing of their

attention to bass and other valuable fishes. In Utah Lake, for instance, one finds as good small-mouthed black bass fishing as can be had in the United States, and most of the trout streams are well stocked and in excellent condition.

Utah waters are particularly well adapted to the rapid development of trout. As an example, observation shows that not infrequently Eastern brook trout, planted as fry, attain a length of eight inches within a period of eight months. The tributaries of the Rio Virgin, the Panguitch River, and other tributaries of the Sevier, as well as the Upper Sevier itself, are excellent trout streams. This may be said in fact of all the mountain streams of Utah, and it may be said also that they are improving, under the direction of the fish culturists who are annually planting these millions of fry and increasing the number of fry planted with each season.

In planting their fry in the season of 1910, the Utah fish culturists made a marked departure from the almost universal custom of planting fry in swift-running water, and instead planted it in shallow waters at the head of streams where the current was slight and where water cress and other growth was abundant and

harbored insect life, upon which young trout thrive. Farther down the streams obstructing dams were erected to shut out the larger trout, which would otherwise have ascended and devoured great numbers of the fry. At the end of three months, when the young fish had grown large enough to care for themselves, the obstructions were removed. Actual observation proved that this method resulted in a considerably larger percentage of trout that survived and grew to maturity than results when the other method is employed.

Utah was once a magnificent game field, but civilization, as elsewhere, has wrought its destruction throughout the State. Even in the wide stretches of still unsettled mountain wilderness and arid plain behind the fertile settled valleys, so sad a depletion of wild life has taken place that scarcely a section remains in the whole State that can be recommended as a favorable field for sportsmen, other than anglers, excepting only duck shooting.

While in Kanab I was informed by men who claimed to have seen them, that a few mountain sheep inhabit the ridges to the eastward in Kane and Garfield Counties, and also in the mountains of San Juan County north of Bluff City. Later I was informed by a man in Long

Valley that he had seen sheep in the Henry Mountains.

There are mountain sheep in Washington County, in the southeast of Utah. Observers claim that since Utah established a permanent closed season on sheep, these herds have slightly increased in size and but for the large number of predatory animals would annually show a decided increase.

In nearly all of the southern counties, as for instance Grand, San Juan, Kane, Washington, and Iron Counties, a few antelope have survived the war of extermination and like the mountain sheep are said to be increasing in numbers since hunting has been prohibited.

Domestic sheep and sheep herders are the greatest enemies of the antelope, as well as of other game animals and birds in the regions where herders take their flocks. The ranges over which domestic sheep pasture are denuded of forage and stripped of all growth, and antelope will not remain upon a range where sheep have been. Sheep herders, too, in secluded regions have excellent opportunity to kill game without detection. They make the most of the opportunity, and many antelope undoubtedly fall before their rifles, for a herder, wearying of a diet of mutton, is never over-scrupulous

about legal prohibitions when he may substitute the flesh of wild animals and birds for mutton.

Thus the sheep, sweeping clean all before them and leaving the ranges over which they pass unproductive, for several succeeding seasons, of pasturage for either wild or domestic animals, together with the destructive shepherds, are the worst enemies at present of Utah's wild game, particularly of antelope, sage hens, and grouse. We must endure sheep, for we must have mutton and wool, but it would seem reasonable to exclude them from some of those ranges where antelope are striving for existence and confine the herdsmen and their flocks to other ranges where wild life has already become extinct, for such ranges are numerous and available and the restriction would entail no great hardship.

While the antelope ranges of southern Utah have not yet been invaded and denuded by such great numbers of sheep as have swept the game fields of Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, this fate is doubtless in store for them at no distant day, and when the sheep and the shepherds have wrought their destruction, antelope will vanish. In Iron County, which has already become an extensive sheep region, settlers tell

us that before the advent of sheep grass grew so luxuriously that a yearling calf lying in it could not be seen. Not only has the grass here been eaten, but the roots tramped out and killed by the hoofs of thousands upon thousands of sheep, and now wide areas where not long since grass was so plentiful are as bare and desolate as sand piles.

The destruction of game had so far advanced in 1907 that it was deemed wise to prohibit all hunting of deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, otter, or beaver within the State for a period of four years. Section 21 of the Fish and Game Law provides that the penalty for killing, possessing, selling, or offering for sale any of these animals or parts thereof shall be a fine of not less than one hundred dollars and imprisonment of not less than sixty days for each offense, and leaves no choice between fine or imprisonment. Consulting a copy of the Fish and Game Law given me by the Commissioner, I find a curious conflict in this section (Section 21). In one paragraph there is an absolute prohibition against killing, shooting at, possessing, etc., any *deer*, elk, and other enumerated animals, *at any season,* within the State. The following paragraph, however, provides:

"It shall be lawful for any resident to kill

deer from October 15th to November 15th," limiting the number for each person to one deer during the open season. Under this provision residents hunt deer, and a goodly number are killed, but there is no provision by which non-residents may be permitted to hunt deer, though there is provision for a non-resident license. All male residents, too, over twelve years of age, must procure a license to hunt or fish, but children under twelve and all "female persons" residing within the State may hunt and fish without license.

Utah is very thoughtful in providing for her "female persons." Possibly this discrimination against "male persons" is because women have the ballot. It is certain that the Mormon church retains and will continue to retain control of the political situation in Utah because the women vote. Women are always more devoted to their religion than men. Adherents to the Mormon denomination are much like adherents to other Christian denominations, and Mormon women are no exception to the rule. Let the First Presidency indicate that they are to vote and are to vote a certain way, and nothing on earth can deter them from voting and from voting as the powers dictate.

The young men, however, are more and more

breaking away from the trammels of the church, and are patriotically acting upon the dictates of their conscience and voting as they please, whether this is or is not in accordance with the expressed wishes of the First Presidency, and very often it is not. In the early days of Utah the church and territorial government were under one head. It is very hard for the older Mormons and any of the women communicants of the church to realize that this is not the case to-day, or at least why it should not be.

Deer are increasing in nearly all the wooded mountainous regions, and Seaman assured me they were on the whole rather plentiful in the territory at the head of Long Valley.

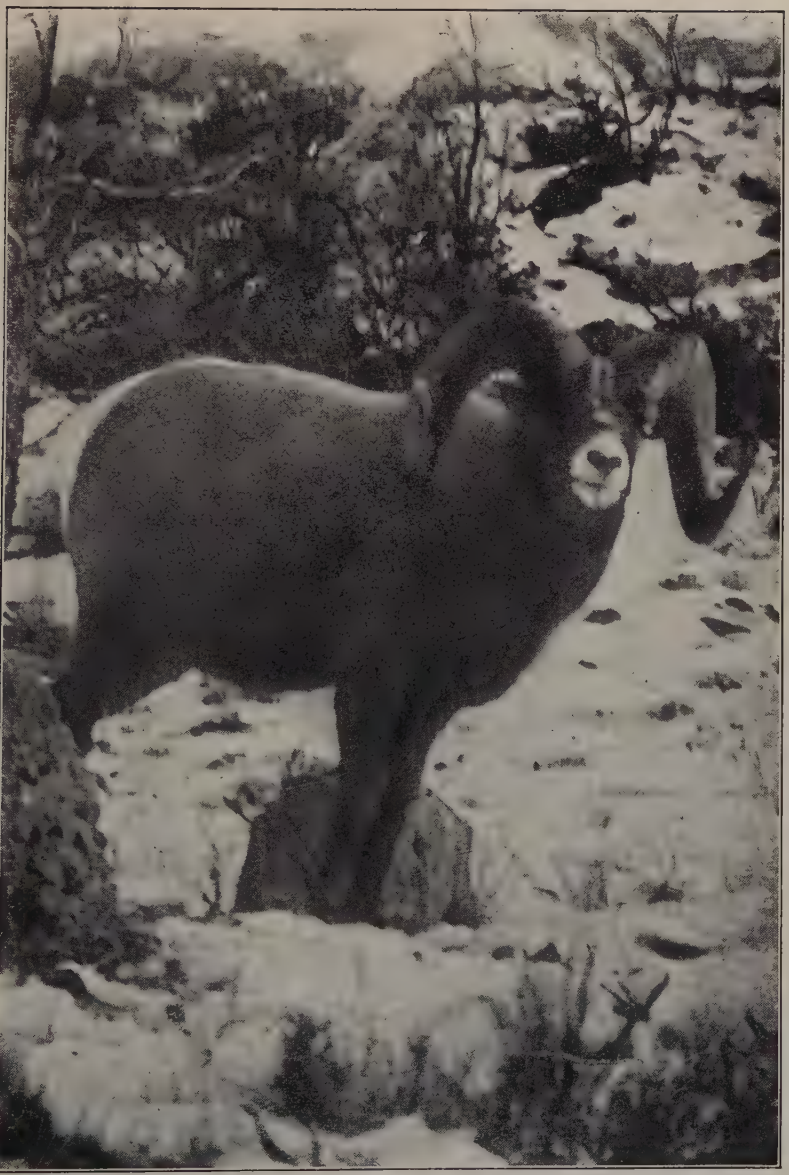
Bears, too, are scattered through the various wilderness regions of Utah, from the Rio Virgin country to the Idaho line, and in the wooded mountains. They are not plentiful, however—indeed they are becoming scarce, and rare indeed is the silver tip.

Bounties are paid on all the more destructive predatory animals, but these bounties are not sufficiently liberal to induce hunters and trappers to devote particular attention to their capture. Of these the mountain lion, the coyote, and the wildcat are the most destructive to

young game animals and birds. If they could be radically reduced in number very doubtless, with the present protective laws, game would show a more marked increase, particularly deer. There are, too, some timber wolves. As a result of inquiry I am satisfied that predatory animals are steadily increasing, and much more rapidly than the protected animals. This is natural, with hunting limited, for few sportsmen go into the field particularly for predatory animals, though when in the field they may incidentally kill many, and those who hunt for a business must have sufficient reward as an inducement.

Northward from Richfield populous valleys in continuous succession lead on to Salt Lake City, and only once in this stretch of country—near Juab—did night find me between villages, where I was called upon to lie out in the open sage brush. Nowhere here does the traveler find sufficiently good grazing upon the open range for his horses. Indeed the free range is rapidly disappearing, and even those areas incapable of irrigation because of no known supply of water are being located as "dry farms," and dry farming is carried on to no inconsiderable extent.

On the dry farm oats and wheat are almost



Photograph by A. G. Livingston

America's Best Big Game.

exclusively the crops. The method is to plant each alternate year, and during the unplanted year turn over the soil two or three times, and oftener if the ranchman finds it convenient. One ranchman told me that he had sixteen hundred acres which he worked under the dry farming method, which in normal seasons—approximately one-half of it being planted each year—produced sixteen thousand bushels of oats. This was the season of harvest, and everywhere I encountered big steam thrashers and stackers on the highway, cumberously moving under their own steam from ranch to ranch, with the horse-drawn tenders, carrying coal and water, trailing behind.

Near Juab I passed what was claimed to be a new oil region. So far as I could learn no oil had yet been struck, but they were erecting derricks and were nearly ready to begin boring. As is usual in a new oil or mining region, those interested were in high expectation of making great strikes and attaining great riches.

Now and again an old pioneer would stop me with the greeting:

"Hello, pard. Your outfit looks good to me. Makes me think of old times. Come fur?"

"Yes, came up from Arizona," I would answer.

"That's some trip. You're traveling right. Pack outfit's th' only way."

At Springville I met George (Beefsteak) Harrison, one of the few remaining trail blazers of the desert, an early California pioneer, who for sixty years has been a character of the country. He has a little caravansary where I dined. When he learned I had watered at Coyote Holes, he left "Mr." off my name and sang me some local songs; one, I recall, to the tune of "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight," ran like this:

"Where is Blackhawk and Chief Sanpitch?
They're having a big pow-pow;
They've gone to smoke the pipe of peace—
The Indians are ticaboo now.

"Blackhawk stole cattle from Scipio;
Was known as a wicked Ute.
He laid down his gun and his bow
When he could no longer shoot."

Utah Valley was in the midst of its fruit harvest and the air was redolent with the perfume of ripe apples and peaches. Utah Lake shimmered at my left. An autumnal haze lay over the valley, the mountains rose somber and grim on either side, and the quiet, dreamy beauty of it all was of the character that breeds in one an indescribable longing—a desire for something

quite beyond human grasp—something that is akin to homesickness.

I was glad at length to round the point of mountain, where the Wasatch Range crowds down to separate Utah Valley from Salt Lake Valley. Here from the elevated "Point of Mountain," as it is locally called, old familiar peaks where I had once spent a summer loomed into view and the lovely valley, reaching away to the Great Salt Lake, lay at my feet.

At half past two on August thirty-first I drew into Draper, seventeen miles from Salt Lake City, and was greeted by my old friend and former traveling companion in Mexico, Mr. Wilmot Randall. He was expecting me and had provided for the care of my horses, while I proceeded by train to the big game region of northwestern Colorado.

CHAPTER XIII

COLORADO'S DISAPPEARING GAME

WHILE Colorado was at one time one of the best stocked game States in the country, it may be said to-day that the only section of the State where the sportsman in search of big game may go with reasonable assurance of securing the trophies sought, is that section, including Routt County, which lies north of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and west of the Front and Medicine Bow mountain ranges. By "big game trophies" is meant deer, silver tip and black bears; these are the only big game animals, aside from predatory animals, which under the present law may be hunted in the State.

It was my desire to visit this region and make as complete a survey of the game condition as a brief side trip could afford. With this in

view I had previously arranged to meet some of the leading guides and hunters with whom I had been in correspondence, and, my horses comfortably provided for, I turned eastward from Utah.

Twenty-four hours by train carried me from Salt Lake City to Denver, where I tarried a day to confer with Mr. Thomas J. Holland, Colorado's very efficient Game and Fish Commissioner, and to call upon others interested in the wild life of the State, before continuing my journey to Steamboat Springs, in Routt County.

Denver, perhaps more than any other city of the West, impresses upon one the rapid transformation of our country from an unknown wilderness to a condition of advanced civilization.

Albert D. Richardson describes it as containing less than three hundred buildings, nearly all of hewn pine logs, when he and Horace Greeley visited it in 1859. One-third were abandoned, unfinished and roofless, for the early hints of great gold deposits, which had inspired the first settlers to locate here, had not yet materialized. "There were few glass windows, or doors, and but two or three board floors, and the occupants of the cabins lived upon the native earth, hard, smooth, and clean-

swept. Chairs were a glory yet to come. Town lots and log houses were bartered for revolvers, or sold for ten or twenty dollars." That was Denver only fifty years ago!

It is not difficult, then, for one visiting this great modern city to-day, with its 213,000 inhabitants and its many tributary cities and towns, to appreciate the causes of diminution of Colorado's game, for wild game and a dense population cannot co-exist. At the time of which Richardson wrote antelope were numerous in the vicinity of Denver, and herds of them flecked the plains to the eastward, and the adjacent mountains were abundantly stocked with deer and other big game animals. There are some antelope still not far away, and on the same plains one may see them now and again from the window of a railway coach. They are few and scattered, though, protected by a perpetual closed season against hunting, we are assured that a gradual increase is taking place.

Colorado, however, still retains wide, unsettled areas. It is a big State and naturally contains much territory that cannot readily be adapted to settlement. The game region of northwestern Colorado is one of these regions, and because it is naturally better suited than other unsettled regions of the State to a consid-

erable variety of game animals, it has remained the best stocked region in Colorado.

Eleven hours by railway carried me from Denver to Steamboat Springs. This is one of the most picturesque and thrilling railway trips in the world. The train leaves Denver, at an altitude of 5,170 feet, and at once begins the ascent of the continental divide. Up and up it climbs, doubling and redoubling upon itself, in and out of innumerable small tunnels, skirting precipitous walls, past nile-green lakes nestling in hollows amid fir-clad mountains, always presenting wide views, entrancing beyond the grasp of imagination, until, at the end of eighteen miles, timber line has been passed and the summit of the pass is reached, 11,660 feet above the sea and surrounded by perpetual snow.

Then the descent is begun, and in the vast timbered area west of the continental divide the big game country begins, extending westward and southward. The scenery is rugged in the extreme. Now and again one glimpses mountain streams, said to be alive with trout, pouring down over rocks to join other streams in their course to the far-away Pacific. This was a favorite hunting ground for the old-time trappers, and more than one profitable and eventful trapping season was spent in this

region by Kit Carson and his adventurous companions, gathering a harvest of beaver pelts while they maintained an almost constant warfare against the Indians.

There were several local sportsmen on the train, bound for various stations, all eager to be first in the field with the opening of the prairie chicken season the following day. No introduction was needed, and I made myself a member of several groups and obtained some hints which served to verify reports previously made me by guides with whom I had been in correspondence.

Our train reached Steamboat Springs, the terminus of the road, at seven o'clock in the evening. This is an attractive place, surrounded by numerous springs of soda, sulphur, iron, and other mineralized waters, and boasts a comfortable hotel. It is rather far west to meet the guides, most of them, in the Routt County district, living in the neighborhood of Yampa.

The following morning I took an early train to Phippsburg, in Yampa township, a few miles to the eastward of Steamboat Springs, where I met Albert Whitney, a well-known bear and lion hunter and guide, as well as several other of the local hunters. It had been my hope to

cross the intervening counties to the southward on horseback from Phippsburg to Glenwood Springs, visit Meeker and Rifle, and meet as many guides and hunters as possible, and thus secure as intimate a knowledge of the game country and conditions as such a trip would afford, but this, I found, would require more time than I had at my disposal and rob me of time which I wished to devote to Wyoming and Montana. Though this was early September, snow had already fallen, a suggestion of what might be expected in the country farther north. Therefore, after two days in Phippsburg, I returned to Denver and proceeded by train to Glenwood Springs.

This is the chief rendezvous of the Colorado guides and an excellent outfitting point. Chief among the guides here are Anderson and Baxter, who work together as partners, and W. W. Warner. All of them were absent, however, to my disappointment, save Steve Baxter, a famous old-time hunter and trapper, one of the pioneers of the region and a member of the firm of Anderson & Baxter. Steve, who has hunted from Montana to old Mexico, possesses one of the finest packs of bear and lion dogs in the country. He was with Harry Whitney, the well-known sportsman-author of Arctic fame,

when the latter secured a record grizzly north of Glenwood Springs a few years ago.

Previous to going West I had corresponded with fish and game commissioners, game wardens, licensed guides, and others, in the States through which I planned to travel and had received from them estimates of the amount of game still remaining in the various localities with which they were familiar, the amount of each of several kinds of animals killed during the previous year, and the number of legalized hunters. It will be understood how difficult it is to make a close estimate of wild animals covering a large spread of country.

When one pauses to consider the vast extent of territory included, even in a single one of our Western States, this will be appreciated. There are several States, for example, much larger than Colorado, but when we remember that Colorado alone has an area equal to the combined areas of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Hawaii, with enough territory left over to make a new State considerably larger than Massachusetts, some conception can be formed of the real bigness of the West.

A State larger than Massachusetts could be

made of Gunnison County, Colorado, alone. With this in mind, let us remember that the game estimates I shall give, though compiled from the reports of the best observers in the localities under consideration, are only approximate.

Let it be said to the honor of Colorado that several years ago the State awoke to the fact that mountain sheep were rapidly disappearing and that prompt action was needed to save them from extermination. Absolute protection was extended by law to this monarch of game animals, and they began to increase noticeably. My estimate, compiled from reports, places the number at present within the State at approximately 3,500, and I may say that this totals fully one-half of all the mountain sheep now remaining in the United States.

In other words, it is doubtful if the United States possesses to-day more than seven thousand, with Wyoming and Montana following Colorado with probably less than five hundred sheep each; both of these States still permit hunting in spite of the fact that the animals are nearing extinction and that the ranges in the high altitudes and rugged mountain peaks inhabited by them are incapable of supporting any other animal of value save the mountain

goat. When the Wyoming and Montana ranges, which might support many thousand sheep under normal conditions, are finally depopulated, as they are sure to be at a not distant date, they will be unutilized, desolate, silent wastes.

Though Colorado still has so large a proportion of the sheep, her ranges could easily support many times the present number, and to have the prohibition against killing suspended for several years to come would appeal to those interested in perpetuating the species as little short of a calamity. Some of the guides are exceedingly anxious to have an open hunting season, for this would then be the best and most available hunting ground for mountain sheep in the country, the animals could be killed with a comparatively small expenditure of effort, and sportsmen would flock here to secure trophies while they are to be had, to the increased wealth of the guides. This does not apply, of course, to all the guides, for some of the best of them are animal conservers, and I am sure, had they a voice in the matter, would oppose the movement.

Every section has its quota of hunters who care nothing for the future or the preservation of species. They think only of to-day and care

nothing about to-morrow. The animals are there and they believe they should have a chance at them now. These are the people everywhere who bring pressure to bear on local members of the legislature belonging to their districts, and the members, fearful of losing adherents and with nothing more than a passing interest in the game themselves, introduce laws and give their vote without regard to the future of the game and in accordance with the wishes of the selfish ones, relying upon the fact that the remaining majority have too little interest in the subject to be influenced by their course.

Mountain sheep have three great enemies that naturally retard increase, even when there are no open seasons as in Colorado—the poacher, the cougar, and the golden eagle. These are the enemies, in fact, of all game animals, not only here, but throughout the game districts of the West, wherever they exist, and unfortunately the poacher is to be found wherever there is game, East and West, though here and there I found localities where a strong game-protection feeling has grown up and poaching is not common.

Practically wherever I went I encountered a strong feeling of sympathy for the poacher. In some sections ranchmen and mountaineers ex-

pressed themselves without reserve as seeing no harm in "getting a piece of meat" whenever they want it. The sentiment is carried into execution in all secluded sections, and not a few mountain sheep, deer, elk, and wild fowl are killed in Colorado by men who believe they are morally right in doing so, irrespective of law.

Colorado has too few game wardens by far to watch everybody, and some of them are not over-anxious to see infringements, for reasons that appeal to them as quite sufficient. The best wardens are United States forestry rangers, in States where they are clothed with authority to make arrests. They are usually not native to the localities where they are stationed and have no preferences or axes to grind. Local wardens, on the contrary, are frequently appointed through the instrumentality of their friends, and they hesitate to prosecute those friends whom they find infringing the law. Not infrequently to do so would mean the loss of their offices.

There are some instances where the wardens themselves are notorious poachers, and their appointment, through proper influence, leaves a free field in their districts, save to some unfortunate outsider who intrudes, or to those who do not belong to the charmed circle. This

reference is not to Colorado alone. Other States are equal sinners.

One rank open case of poaching came to my knowledge in Routt County. During July, 1910, a New York City man, who lives on Riverside Drive and whose name and address I know, appeared at Yampa with two companions. At the local livery stable they employed a guide who took them with their outfit to a point in the Flat Tops, near what is known as the Devil's Causeway. Here the guide fitted up their camp, made them comfortable, and returned to his duties at Yampa. The party was presumably on a fishing trip, as at this season there is no open season on any game. The guide applied for and secured the necessary licenses. Here they spent six weeks, moving camp a short distance once.

A guide who had a camping party in the mountains observed them from a distance and brought his party, consisting of a Chicago man, another gentleman, and the Chicago man's wife, to a rendezvous where, unseen, they witnessed a wigwag signal from above the Devil's Causeway to some one below. The Devil's Causeway, it may be explained, is a narrow natural bridge spanning a gorge. Presently shooting began.

Later the guide and his party watched the men skinning a mountain sheep's head. Field glasses were used by the guide's party, though they were near enough to see very well with the naked eye. The Devil's Causeway is a regular runway for sheep. One of the men hunting for them discovered the sheep, on the opposite side, wigwagged the information to his friends to be ready for them, closed in above the animals, and started them across the causeway, where they were shot. How many were killed I cannot say.

Another man, not connected with this party of observers, walked into the camp later and surprised one of the three retreating into a tent with a freshly killed sheep ham and claimed he found evidence that several elk had also been killed. The guide notified a game warden what had been seen. The day following the warning the man who had taken the party in went for them, brought them out to the station at Yampa, and they departed. Their baggage included trunks of ample dimensions to accommodate sheep heads. When they were well away and safely out of reach, the warden went to the mountains. There was nothing, of course, to be found.

But the authorities now and again catch the

Photograph by A. G. Livingston

Rapidly Disappearing Denizens of the Wild.

poachers. I was in Mr. Holland's office in the State Capitol one day when a poor mountaineer guilty of sheep killing was brought in. They had caught him red handed, and I understand that he was severely punished and others had preceded him.

In order that a game commissioner prosecute the duties of his office satisfactorily and effectively not only he, but his wardens and deputies, should be especially qualified for the position they fill; no matter how well qualified or energetic he may be, he labors under a severe handicap unless his wardens are also efficient and energetic and free from political taint.

Speaking generally of all our States, the commissioner himself should be a sportsman and something of a naturalist—a man who not only loves the wilderness and the living things of the forest, but knows from observation something of the habits of animals, birds, and fish. He should have sufficient knowledge of these things to decide when a range is well enough stocked to admit of hunting, or when and how to restock a depleted range. A man of this sort could be trusted with power, under certain restrictions, to close and open hunting seasons by proclamation, as necessity demanded; or at least to make recommendation to the legisla-

ture, which the legislature would as a matter of course follow.

Wardens and deputy wardens should be appointed only upon competitive examinations as to qualifications and stationed at points where they will do the most good, regularly patrolling their districts. Their position should not depend upon the rise or fall of the political party to which they belong. It would seem that the game is valuable enough to warrant such additional expense as this might entail, and in all probability license fees would make the department, if administered on business principles, not only self-sustaining but very remunerative to the State. There is indeed a question whether or not game on all national forest reserves should not come under Federal control, as the migratory habits of birds and many species of animals make them to some extent, at least, inter-state property. Every citizen of the United States has, so to speak, a *quasi* interest in all the game within these reserves.

Under the present methods universally in vogue throughout the United States, the commissioner receives his appointment through political preferment, irrespective of qualification. He, in turn, appoints his wardens because they are good party men, who have lent their aid to

the advancement of party interests. Their qualification for the position does not enter very largely into the question. I have no doubt those now holding office under this plan and the politicians who wish to retain as many political plums for distribution as possible would oppose such change strongly and be highly indignant at the charge that the present system is not wholly adequate, but it is, nevertheless, true that it is highly inadequate.

I know one game commissioner who it is generally claimed throughout his State, does not know a prairie chicken from a spruce grouse. He was appointed as a reward for activity during a political campaign, and to make a place for him an unusually competent commissioner, a man who had made a life study of animals and their habits, was deposed. In one big game section I asked if the local wardens took an active and intelligent interest in the game. The answer was "Yes, the poker game; but no other." This applies equally well to many sections.

Returning to Colorado, it is probable that a close approximation of the elk would be two thousand, and while they are scattered over various sections of the State, the greater part are in the northwest. This is a good nucleus for increase, and with proper care and preserva-

tion Colorado may in time have some good herds, for her winter and summer ranges are well adapted to elk.

From reports received I find it impossible to even approximate the number of deer in Colorado, or even to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number annually killed. The guides could tell me how many were killed by their parties, but they are unanimous in stating that so many are secured by natives hunting without guides that the reports sent me are no indication of the number actually killed.

With the exception of two or three, however, all admit that deer are noticeably decreasing, or were, previous to 1909. Then the laws permitted the killing of does and fawns, and the slaughter was in consequence considerable; with 1909 the season was shortened to ten days, and only bucks with horns allowed.

Mr. Holland informed me that eagles were the greatest destroyers of young fawns and lambs and in his judgment contributed more than any other factor to retarding increase. Mountain lions and lynx also get their share of the game, and a very considerable share, too. Baxter's parties alone killed, during 1909, twelve lions and twenty-eight lynx. This may be taken as an indication of how numerous

The Big Cats are Deadly Enemies of Our Big Game.

Lunching on the Shore of Bear Lake Near the Utah-Idaho State Line.

they are and the depredation they must necessarily commit.

The highest estimate I received of the smaller bears in northwestern Colorado was two thousand, and the highest estimate of grizzlies two hundred. The next approaching it was one thousand small bears and one hundred grizzlies, and from the information contained in the majority of reports I should say that even this could be cut down to five hundred of the one and fifty of the other as a very liberal approximation. During 1909 Baxter captured thirty-three of the smaller bears and one grizzly. Considerable numbers were killed by others.

With very few exceptions hunters and ranchmen with whom I discussed the question throughout the West were in favor of protective laws for all bears. It was conceded that these animals are now confined to such remote localities and are so few in number that their destruction of domestic stock is almost nil. Even the grizzly has become harmless, and the smaller bears never were a destructive factor.

Bears breed so slowly that, unless steps are soon taken to protect them, the day of their extermination is close at hand. It may be claimed by the materialists that any plea for the bear is

purely sentimental, but who among nature lovers would not feel more than a qualm of sorrow were this noble animal of the wilderness, which played so large a part in our childish fancy and dreams, driven to extinction? Furthermore, it has a decided value, even from the most sordid standpoint, for its pelt, if for nothing else.

Northwestern Colorado — Colorado as a whole, in fact—is so interesting that I turned westward again to Salt Lake to resume the saddle with keen regret that I could not dip farther into its wilderness and revel for a time in its lofty, rugged peaks and marvelous scenery.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FRONTIER ONCE MORE

BEFORE history began an ancient lake, called by geologists Lake Bonneville, covered a great portion of what are now the fertile fields of northern Utah and southern Idaho. Lake Bonneville was a fresh water lake two-thirds as large as Lake Superior, a thousand feet deep, with an outlet to the north toward Snake River. Growing aridity of climate dried Lake Bonneville away until all that is left of it now is Great Salt Lake, the "Dead Sea of America," some eighty miles in length and forty miles in width, with an extreme depth of fifty feet, and lying 4,210 feet above sea level.

Through Baron La Hontan the world first heard of Great Salt Lake, in the year 1689. In 1820 Mr. Miller, of John Jacob Astor's fur company, visited its shores. It was seen and

reported again in 1825 by Mr. John Bedford, and again in 1833 by members of Captain Bonneville's expedition. Later, Kit Carson and some others of the adventurous trappers who penetrated this far wilderness saw the lake. But the first attempt at scientific exploration was made by Fremont, under the guidance of Kit Carson, in 1843, when, by means of a leaky folding India-rubber boat, he visited with Carson and some other members of his party what is now known as Fremont's Island, but which he himself named Disappointment Island.

This was a land of deepest mystery and romance in those early days. Trappers had brought out to the world marvelous tales of the wonders of the great lake. It was popularly believed that it had an underground outlet and where the waters sank was a great and fearful whirlpool.

The old myths have been dispelled; the old trappers and their romantic lives, Pocatello and his marauding Indians, the struggling pioneer and settler, have all given way to the new reality—comfortable living and civilization. Salt Lake City stands on what was once the bottom of Lake Bonneville, whose foam-crested waves rolled a thousand feet above her present streets.

The abundance of game that was found in northern, as in southern, Utah by the pioneer has largely gone, also, and the sportsmen of today are greatly interested in the preservation of what remains, and not only the city, but every town and hamlet in the valley has, in proportion to the population, an unusually large number of men devoted to rod and gun. For example, Salt Lake City has an organization known as the "Hot Air Club," formed to discuss and devise means for the better protection of the diminishing game. The members of this association are well-informed business and professional men intensely interested in game protection, who believe that the preservation of game and fish should be taken out of the realm of politics and established on a scientific basis. When they first came together the politicians facetiously dubbed them the "Hot Air Club." The club promptly adopted the name and bear it with honor.

There are some eleven game protective associations spread out over the State, which are more or less closely allied with each other. A large proportion of the members of these allied clubs have been sworn in as deputy game wardens, to serve without pay, and through them many violators of the game laws have

been apprehended. Their efforts, however, have been chiefly directed toward the education of the people in the preservation and conservation of game and fish.

Not alone are the members of these allied associations working in conjunction with the State Department to protect and propagate fish and game and exerting their influence with the legislature—an influence recognized by the politicians—to pass adequate laws, but they are devoting themselves to the education of the individual members of the communities in which they reside. They have no big meetings, they do not indulge in pyrotechnic oratory, they distribute no livid literature. They get down to the ground and do work that tells. In this educational feature they are doing more really beneficial protective work than any other body of allied sportsmen in the country. And through the interest they have awakened in the subject they have built up their power.

But in spite of this poaching exists, as it is sure to exist in every country where there is game, and many poachers escape. In Utah, just as in other States, I met men who believed that any legal restriction of hunting was an encroachment upon personal rights, and I learned of several instances where such individuals had

killed prairie chickens and grouse unlawfully. Heavy fines, however, and a large number of deputy wardens, paid and unpaid, are resulting in an increase of deer, and let us hope of mountain sheep, in the southwestern part of the State.

The sportsmen of Utah were greatly agitated over an epidemic among ducks and other water fowl on the marshes contiguous to Great Salt Lake. It was estimated that at least a quarter million ducks, as well as innumerable geese, plover, snipe of various species, and even some sea gulls, lay dead on these marshes, and they were still dying by thousands. I visited the lake, and the stench at some points from the putrefying flesh of birds can only be described as awful. The gun clubs were not to open, and no shooting was to be done during the season.

Some of the dead ducks were sent to the Division of Pathology, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, at Washington, D. C., and Dr. J. R. Mohler, Chief of the Division, reported, after an examination of the specimens, that death was due to intestinal coccidiosis. Dr. Mohler's report stated that the ducks were in good flesh and the viscera apparently normal, except the intestines, which presented throughout the entire length more or less extensive areas of in-

flammation. Microscopic examination of the intestinal contents revealed immense numbers of coccidia in various stages of development.

There were many theories as to the source of infection, but the one generally accepted, and undoubtedly the true one, was this: The Jordan River is the depository of Salt Lake City sewage. Near the point where it empties into the lake it spreads out into a wide and shallow mouth. The season had been an unusually dry one, the river was low, and wide mud areas had been left partially uncovered and strewn with sewage upon which large numbers of ducks were constantly feeding.

The fact that ducks fly long distances in a few hours probably accounts for the fact that many ducks were dying in other sections, north and south of the Great Salt Lake. If this was in fact the source of infection, the remedy is undoubtedly to dredge the channel near the mouth of the Jordan. This would carry all sewage directly into the lake, instead of spreading it over the mud flats, as at present.

Heart and Button were fat and frisky and in splendid shape when I saddled Heart, packed Button, and turned northward, *en route* to Idaho and Wyoming. My course took me directly through Salt Lake City and Ogden. Og-

Charles Neil's Cabin on Buffalo Fork.

It was a United States Geological Survey Camp

den Cañon, with high, perpendicular walls, rushing river, and wood-clad corners, is one of the most picturesque spots in northern Utah. At one point a stream of water gushes out of the rocks several hundred feet above the river and is lost in mist.

But the cañon is too near civilization to be permitted to retain its wild and primitive natural beauty undefiled. Painted and plastered over the walls of Ogden Cañon one's eye meets such legends as, "Use Pillbox's Sure Cure Remedies;" "Walkfast shoes give comfort;" "For elegance of form, wear Madam Fuzzyhead's Corsets;" "Learn to dance at Professor Littlewit's Academy," and so on, *ad infinitum.*

Ogden River, a turbulent, beautiful trout stream, pours down through the cañon and westward, to empty its waters into Great Salt Lake. It was on the banks of this river that one of Captain Bonneville's men, coming upon two Shoshone Indians peacefully fishing, ruthlessly and without provocation shot one of them to death and threw his body into the water. It was also on this river that Bonneville's party fired into some peaceful Shoshones and killed twenty-five of them, though the Indians had offered no hostility and even after the massacre made no attempt at retaliation. This was, how-

ever, but one instance of the white invaders' treatment of the Indians, and there is small cause to wonder that our pioneer settlements later were subjected to Indian raids and hostilities.

It was October, and the warm sun shone down upon the valley beyond Ogden Cañon through an Indian summer haze. Here lay the little village of Huntsville and some scattered ranches. The near-by mountains, where they spread to make room for the valley, were splotched with green and yellow, where they draw together again, on the opposite side of the valley, the intervening autumn haze had tinged them a delicate, opalescent blue and purple.

Though the days were filled with balm and sunshine, the nights were growing cold, and every morning now the ground was stiffened with frost. Hoar frost lay thick upon everything, sparkling in the first rays of the rising sun, when I rode out of Huntsville in early morning. My trail led up the valley and into Beaver Creek Cañon, *en route* to Bear Lake, Idaho. At Salt Lake City I had been warned that I should find the country around Bear Lake covered with snow, and the frosty air at this lower altitude gave strength to the prophecy as to the country farther on.

Presently ranches were left behind, and the trail turned into the wooded mountains to wind up a narrow defile down which Beaver Creek, a magnificent trout stream, tumbled over a rocky bed. Here in a turn in the trail I suddenly came upon a cowboy riding a jaded horse, and driving three or four loose ones ahead.

"Hello, Stranger," he said, "got some tobacco? I'm plumb dyin' and famished for a smoke."

While he rolled a cigarette from my tobacco he remarked that he had lost his pouch the day before, and I was the first person he had met since.

"Come down from Bear Lake?" I asked.

"Yes. Been punchin' with an outfit in Idaho, and I'm headin' for Ogden to sell these cayuses. Reckon you're ridin' range?"

"No, just looking the country over. I'm going to Jackson's Hole."

"Hell of a country to go through," he volunteered. "It's plumb skinned of feed between here and the lake. Sheep's et everything clean and it's a damn outrage. It ain't likely you'll strike any feed this side of Star Valley."

This was the report everywhere, and this lack of forage for horses, due to the ravages of sheep, is the one great obstacle placed in the way of

present-day travelers through unsettled regions of the West.

Beaver Creek has considerable volume where the trail enters the mountains, but ascending the gorge it gradually shrinks into a mere rivulet, trickling from scattered springs. Beyond this the diminishing trees disappear, and presently, above the gorge and on the summit of a ridge dividing two water sheds, even willows and shrubs gave way to sage brush.

The main road here is a wood road, which drops over the ridge and sends branches into some three or four cañon lumber camps. The direct road for Bear Lake turns to the left and is little used. An hour before I met the cowboy on Beaver Creek, I had passed an outfit consisting of a teamster with a heavily loaded wagon of lumber-camp supplies and a man in a buggy. The latter was a lumberman named Lewis, the former one of his men, on the way to Lewis's camp in Skunk Creek Cañon. Mr. Lewis invited me to spend the night at his camp, where he told me forage could be had for my horses.

The sun was sinking in the west behind a bank of threatening clouds when I reached the Bear Lake trail, over which the cowboy had come. His description of the naked region

Nearly Four Inches of Snow Had Fallen During the Night.

Remarkable Hot Springs in the Lower Star Valley, Wyoming.

through which the trail lay, with no probability that the horses could forage their supper, determined me to search for Lewis's camp, and I therefore turned into the other trail in the hope that good luck would lead me to Skunk Creek Cañon. The several branching trails, each leading into a cañon, rendered the selection of the right one uncertain, but presently I came upon a brook and decided to follow it a reasonable distance up the narrow mountain defile from which it emerged, and, if nothing developed, bivouac for the night.

Twilight was fading into darkness when I reached the brook, and soon it grew so dark in the narrow cañon that I was compelled to rely upon Heart's instinct to keep the trail. Fortunately we had proceeded not much above a mile when a camp-fire glimmered through the trees, and a few minutes later I rode into the circle of its light, where three men lounged with their pipes. It proved to be Lewis's camp, and I received a hospitable greeting.

Lewis's lumber camp was situated in a national forest reserve, and the government had ordered all tree cutting stopped. Some logs of a previous year's chopping were still on the ground, and Lewis had established this temporary camp to clean them up and discontinue

operations in accordance with the terms of the edict. His loggers were just coming in to haul the logs already cut to a portable sawmill which the three men with whom I stopped were then engaged in setting up. The only buildings yet erected were a makeshift barn, a small shack, and an open shed.

The sky was heavily clouded when Lewis and his teamster joined us at nine o'clock that evening, and a little later a gale was sweeping up the cañon. I spread my blankets under the open shed, and before I fell asleep felt the first flakes of a coming snowstorm on my face. When I arose at dawn the following morning a thick blanket of snow covered me, and nearly four inches had fallen during the night. The storm had passed, however, though the morning was raw, with fleeting clouds scudding over the sky and a cold, penetrating wind blowing, a chilliness that even the dazzling sunlight that followed did not modify appreciably as I pushed up the cañon.

Travelers over the mountain ridge are rare at any time, and all day long, beyond the lumber camps, I picked my way over unbroken trails through snow-hung firs, up and down ravines or across wind-swept open spaces, and saw no sign of human life—or any kind of life, in

fact, save a fox track or two, a few rabbit tracks, and now and again a squirrel. This disappointed me, for there are deer here, and the lumbermen told me I should in all probability see some of them, or at least their signs, in the fresh snow. Bear, too, were said to be fairly numerous, and I had hoped to see a track. for they were still abroad.

Beyond the ridge somewhere in a valley was the little settlement of Woodruff, and with neither compass nor definite trail to guide me, I took the general course in which my map—a very imperfect map, I had discovered—said Woodruff lay, avoiding, as best I could, gulches and cañons. Now and again magnificent views of the snow-clad country to the northward opened before me—timbered areas, wide stretches of valley and plain, and lofty mountain peaks.

In mid-afternoon I crossed a wind-swept reach of the open country and then began a gradual descent. Presently the snow was left behind, to the relief of myself and the horses. Here, as we dropped into the head of a narrow, rugged cañon, several prairie chickens were started. Following the cañon to its mouth, I passed an abandoned ranch, on the banks of a brook which coursed down a narrow valley into which the cañon opened, and near sunset

glimpsed a group of tents which I recognized as a government outfit. I rode up to them and halloed, and two or three men answered the call. It was a United States Geological Survey camp, they told me, and, in answer to my inquiries, said Woodruff was six miles away, straight ahead, too far to go that evening, and invited me to stop with them for the night.

The camp was in charge of A. E. Murling, a veteran in the department, and with him and his assistants the evening spent here was a particularly pleasant one. They were making the first geological survey of the region. The day before my arrival they had descended from the higher altitudes and had thus escaped the snow that I had encountered.

All of these forest-covered mountains, with open, grassy parks, were formerly richly stocked with elk, deer, antelope, and bear. A few elk remain, but all the antelope have been killed; deer, while increasing, are not plentiful, although bears are said to be fairly numerous. I did not see one deer track in the fresh snow. The surveyors told me that they had seen some earlier in the fall, as well as bears.

It is claimed that mountain sheep still inhabit the higher and more rugged mountains of northern and northeastern Utah, but I could

find no trace of them. Close questioning of the hunters and mountaineers, from Huntsville to Bear Lake, satisfies me beyond a reasonable doubt that sheep in northern Utah have become extinct. Therefore Utah's only remaining mountain sheep are in the south. It is exceedingly difficult to estimate the number with any degree of accuracy, but from the reports which I gathered through personal inquiry among officials and hunters, and through correspondence, I should place the number at not far from three hundred, and should say also that they are slowly increasing under the protective laws which prohibit all hunting and provide an adequate and severe penalty for infringements.

As for the birds, the natives about Huntsville and in that region generally believe protective laws are unjust and that they have a moral right to shoot when they please; and they do shoot a great many chickens, and sometimes other game, out of season. Several of them boasted to me of having done so, and one showed me a chicken he had just killed. Utah is particularly well adapted to game birds, and in a few isolated sections they are fairly plentiful, but wide areas are not stocked at all and others are very poorly stocked.

The brook, the headwaters of which I came

upon in the valley where the engineers were encamped, was Birch Creek, emptying a little way below the engineers' camp into Twelvemile Creek, a tributary of Bear River. I followed these creeks down to Woodruff, thence turned northward along Bear River to Randolph over a high ridge, and down Laketown Cañon to the little settlement of Laketown, at the cañon's mouth and at the head of Bear Lake.

Practically the only settlements that have yet found foothold in Rich County are Woodruff, Randolph, Laketown, Meadowville, and Garden City, the last-named village lying on the west shore of Bear Lake, close to the Utah-Idaho State line. Randolph, with a population of six hundred, is the county seat and the largest and most important settlement in the county. The houses are chiefly of hewn logs, and this is the construction used in Rich County generally.

While the county is large in area, it is for the most part mountainous, and the land adapted to agriculture is practically confined to Bear River Valley. The crops are almost exclusively hay and grain. Isolated from railroads, it still flavors of the frontier, and the traveler's imagination is not taxed very greatly in an attempt to picture it as it appeared in the days of

the early fur trappers, when Mr. Miller of the Astor Fur Company and his companions trapped beaver, only to be robbed by Indians and set afoot naked and without arms in the unknown wilderness, and rescued later by Mr. Stuart, who found them in a most pitiable condition on the banks of the Snake River; when Captain Bonneville spent a winter here living in plenty, with thousands upon thousands of buffalo feeding about him; when Kit Carson and his companions trapped beaver along Bear River, and chased Indians into the mountains. The valley lies at a mean altitude of 6,500 feet above sea level. Its climate is, therefore, too cold for successful fruit culture or general farming, and to this, no doubt, is due its tardy development.

One of the most delightful surprises of my journey met me just before emerging from Laketown Cañon, when suddenly, at a turn of the road, Bear Lake, stretching away between rugged mountains as far as eye could reach, and the little settlement on the lake shore in the foreground, surrounded by green and framed by cañon walls, flashed up before me as suddenly as a lantern view appears upon the canvas.

There is a road on either side of the lake.

That on the west leads to Garden City and Idaho settlements beyond; that on the east is little traveled. The latter is the nearer route to Star Valley, Wyoming, and I chose it, both because of this, and because, as I looked down the lake, it appealed to me as the more attractive, with precipitous mountains crowding it on the one side, the waves of the lake washing it on the other.

On the shore of Bear Lake I crossed the State line into Idaho, though there was nothing to indicate its position. Since leaving John at Kanab I had traversed the entire length of the State of Utah, passing through Kane, Garfield, Paiute, Sevier, San Pete, Juab, Utah, Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, Cache, and Rich Counties on horseback. In the course of this journey I had seen intimately a wide expanse of country and had met and interviewed many of the leading sportsmen, the humble hunters and ranchmen, the State Game and Fish Commissioner, and many of his deputies, and felt that this had resulted in a fairly comprehensive estimate of the game conditions of the State—a much better estimate than could possibly be had from casual railway visits to separated centers.

I was passing now into a new region, physically different and populated by additional

species of animals. The arid desert stretches and the thickly populated valleys were behind me. A well watered region, with its great forests, lay before me, in pleasant anticipation. I had again entered the country of the pack-horse and Button with his pack was quite in fashion. All about me tumultuous mountains raised snow-capped peaks, a warning that winter was at hand.

CHAPTER XV

INTO WYOMING

BEAR LAKE is one of the most beautiful lakes in the West, and therefore in the world. The water has a greenish tinge and is so clear as to be perfectly transparent. The pebbly beaches reach down with a gentle slope and are washed white by the pure waters. Innumerable wild fowl hover above or float contentedly upon the bosom of the lake. Trout by thousands may be seen where streams empty into it. Had the sage brush on the mountains paralleling it on either side been fir trees, it would have been a counterpart of some of the Labrador lakes that I have known.

Morning came frosty, with a cloudless sky, and was followed by a day perfect beyond compare. My ride down the shore of Bear Lake atoned fully for every disagreeable feature of the trip that had gone before.

It is twenty-four miles from Laketown hamlet at the upper end to a little ranch at the lower end, where the east shore trail which I followed joined the turnpike from Garden City leading on to Montpelier. At the little ranch at Turnpike, which I reached at half past four in the afternoon and where I halted for the night, hot sulphur springs boil out of the mountain base and the water runs down in steaming brooks to join the lake.

With a native of the ranch I walked along the beach sands to see the sun set in sublime effulgence of red, purple, and yellow beyond the mountains on the opposite shore. The man was a poet and a dreamer. He had a most deliberate manner of expression, which accentuated his peculiarities. He had spent his life in this region; beyond a bit of the surrounding mountains and near-by wilderness, he had seen nothing of the world.

"Every evenin' I come down here," said he, "t' see th' sun go down an' th' sky light up with bright colors, an' I think I'd like t' see th' other countries th' sun lights when it leaves us. They must be lands of great beauty t' reflect such colors in th' sky, for th' sky, I takes it, is just a big mirror. Maybe, though, it's not earthly lands, but heaven, that's reflected. An'

what wonderful people must live there, for they sure must be fit for th' land, or th' Almighty wouldn't let 'em stay."

We walked down to the beach again, at his suggestion, to see the lake by the light of a brilliant moon. The mountains threw black shadows upon the near-shore waters, while beyond them rippling waves glistened and sparkled to the base of rising shore line opposite, while far up the lake the star-sprinkled sky came down to meet the sparkling waters. The only sound was the lap of waves at our feet and the bark of coyotes on the hills behind the ranch.

"I often wonder," said my friend, "what the world is like outside of this, and th' big ocean with waves as high as these mountains. I've never seen none of th' world exceptin' some of these hills and cañons and Montpelier. Montpelier's a big place, an' they have all sorts of contraptions there. You'll hit th' town to-morrow. I don't care much about it. Th' folks seem different.

"I was some interested in wagons that run without horses—watcher call 'em? I don't remember. One of 'em tried to run down here in th' summer an' got stuck just above in th' sand. I'd like t' go an' see what there is in th' world, for I expect there's a heap bigger places than

Below the Preuss Ranch I Crossed the Line Into Wyoming.

The Destroyers.

Montpelier, with a heap of strange things they don't have there. But," he added, after a pause, "I expect I'll never see anything but just this round here, an' it ain't so bad, I reckon, with its sunsets and moonlights."

From Montpelier, the seat of Bear Lake County, Idaho, and a local metropolis with 2,500 population, I turned to the northeast, through Montpelier Cañon, past Thomas's Forks—not a town but a fork in the river; there are no settlements here—and thence across the Preuss Range of mountains. At Montpelier I had crossed the railroad and there left it behind me. Montpelier is the nearest railway point for the settlements in Star Valley, Wyoming, across the Preuss Range, the first one fifty miles away and some of them a full hundred miles.

Supplies are hauled over the mountains to the settlements by freighters driving two, four, and sometimes six, horses. Comparatively light loads are necessarily carried, for the mountain grades are steep—at some points even precipitous—and the road is not always good. In the cañon I met two of the freighters and beyond the ridge several others.

This, too, is the route of the mail stages. A station is maintained by the stage company

some two miles beyond the summit of the pass and high up in the mountains, where tired horses are changed for fresh ones by passing stages. This is known as Halfway House, and a stage driver is always in charge. Travelers are not entertained here with beds or food, but one's horses will be cared for if one is prepared to pay three or four times the charge usually made for hay and grain in settled localities. Such excessive charge is justified by the necessarily large expense incurred in hauling forage so far. It was at Halfway House that I planned to halt for the night.

Well up the cañon are some abandoned mining claims and cabins, though each year the owners visit them for a short period and do the assessment work required by law to hold them. Poor men, most of them are, and for lack of funds they have never been able to develop their claims sufficiently to put them on a paying basis. Some time in the hazy, mystic future they believe the holes they have dug will reward them richly.

Each believes that King Solomon's mines, with their fabulous wealth, were nothing to what his will prove to be some day, for the prospector is an optimist. I never yet met one who was not quite certain he was destined to

"strike it rich." The last of these before beginning the steeper ascent of the pass is a tumble-down cabin and barn, where some one had unsuccessfully attempted ranching and mining in conjunction. It is known as "Giveout"—very suggestive and appropriate.

Close to Giveout I encountered a great herd of sheep, which the shepherds told me they were taking to Boise for the winter. In their course over the pass they had swept all grass and browse before them, making it quite impossible for the traveler to find a suitable place for his horses to graze for even so much as a single night.

A grassy park, this year capable of supporting many animals, will be transformed by a bunch of sheep, in a very short space of time, into a verdureless, barren waste. This destruction applies not only to grass, but to small shrubs, and when the heavy rains come, the soil of hillsides, swept clean of grass and shrubs and loosened by a thousand hoofs, the top soil is washed away, and the land is left unproductive permanently, or for an indefinite period.

This is what is taking place in all of our forest reserves, and the price of wool and the price of lamb and mutton are going up. The sheep barons hold the situation in the palm of their

hands. The government charges them a nominal price for the privilege of grazing herds on public lands; they have grown to feel that they own these lands and send up a cry of horror at any hint that their privileges be curtailed. Many of the wealthy sheep men of to-day began a dozen years ago with practically nothing. They grew rich at the expense of the public. In many instances the government had better have voted them a competence, for large overstocking has ruined the ranges for many years for any purpose, where a moderate stocking would have resulted in little or no damage and preserved their value.

Not only have wide territories in Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana been thus rendered valueless for either cattle or sheep grazing, but absolutely uninhabitable for antelope and elk. Had reason governed the sheep men and government officials concerned in this, wide areas that to-day will not support a grasshopper might have still held herds of domestic sheep, as well as wild antelope and elk. This applies to much of the public land in national forest reserves through which I rode, from southern Utah to Montana.

Beyond Giveout the road rises steadily, and at last abruptly, to the summit of the pass.

Booth's Ferry.

Deposit From the Star Valley Hot Springs.

Quaking aspens, pines, and firs cover the mountain sides, and the air is sweet with forest perfumes. From the summit one has a magnificent view of surrounding mountains, overtopped by snow-capped peaks.

Halfway House lies in a romantic hollow, at the head of Crow Creek, a tributary of Salt River, which waters Star Valley and finally joins its waters with Snake River, in its tumultuous rush to the Columbia and the Pacific. There are three log stables, a cabin where the stage driver lives, and another log cabin where travelers camp. There is no woman within many miles of the place. I stabled and fed my horses, cooked my supper, and then spread my blankets on the earthen floor of the unoccupied cabin.

There are really two Star Valleys, the Upper Valley and the Lower. Between the two the hills crowd in to form a short cañon. These valleys are devoted almost wholly to cattle raising. The altitude is too great and the climate too cold for any other than hay and grain farming. Here below the Preuss Range I crossed the line into Wyoming, in the Upper Valley. Crow Creek, where it enters the valley, has developed into a broad stream of considerable volume.

In the Upper Valley I came upon a light prairie schooner and one forlorn man, who told me that he and his partner, who were looking for suitable land to locate and homestead, had halted for noon, picketed one horse, turned the two others which they had loose, and while they were catching trout for dinner the picketed horse had broken loose and all the horses had disappeared when they returned from fishing. He "reckoned th' hull d—— outfit had lit out fer Ogden," where they came from, and his "pardner was chasin' 'em ahoof." I had not seen them.

At the lower end of the valley are some remarkable hot springs—quite as remarkable as some of the lesser ones in Yellowstone Park. One group of them covers several acres, and side by side are springs of cold water and boiling water. Steam escapes from several fissures under considerable pressure and with much noise.

In the cañon between the two valleys, where the cañon widens, a ranchman has run some irrigation ditches, and here I saw a notice of which the following is an exact literal transcription:

"Parteys or Parson Driven Sheep over this Ditch and Damas it they Will be Prasicute a carden to Law."

Afton is the chief town of the Salt River or Star valleys, and with a population of five hundred assumes a metropolitan air. I did not visit it, for I was not searching for metropolitan centers, though it lay but three miles off my course. The other half dozen settlements are small clusters of log cabins chiefly and stamp the region a frontier. In one of them I met an old fur trapper named Norwood, who was assembling his outfit preparatory to a winter trapping campaign along John Grey's River and among the rugged mountains of the region.

Beaver, so plentiful in John Grey's time, are now protected by law, and Norwood devotes his attention to martens, mink, and bear. His pack horse was standing ready for its load, and he was to have overtaken me that evening at a designated point a few miles beyond and we were to have traveled together to the junction of John Grey's River with the Snake. But to my disappointment he had not yet reached the rendezvous at nine o'clock the following morning, and I proceeded alone, never to see him again.

At the junction of John Grey's River with the Snake River, at the lower end of the Grand Cañon of the Snake, Booth's Ferry, across the Snake River, is situated. Jackson's Hole may

be entered from the west either by way of the Grand Cañon of the Snake, or farther north over Teton Pass. I chose the former route as the least traveled and directed my course down the lower Star Valley to Booth's Ferry.

This was the third day after crossing the Preuss Range, and all day, save with a few brief intermissions, the rain fell in a steady downpour.

Near midday, thoroughly wet and uncomfortable, I forded the strong current of Salt River, the horses girth-deep, and was glad to accept the invitation of two young Swedish shepherds whom I met on the plain beyond, to dine with them in their dry, warm wagon and to tarry under its shelter until the heavy downpour of rain then in progress had passed. They had seen me coming, and, hungry for companionship and news, would scarcely have permitted me to pass without a halt. The canvas shelter and stove were pleasant indeed, and for an hour after dinner I lounged and smoked with them to the tune of pouring rain on the wagon cover. They had spent the summer among the lonely and rugged mountain tops at the head of John Grey's River and were now heading southward with their flock to winter on the open desert. In a sparsely-settled coun-

Photograph by S. N. Leek

Too Many Elk and Too Little Forage in Jackson's Hole.

try all men are brothers. Conventional restraint is thrown aside, and men who have never before seen each other meet as old acquaintances—as members of one great family.

The lull in the storm was brief, and as I rode forward the rain resumed and dusk was settling when I at length reached the abrupt and lofty mountains that I was to penetrate, the barrier through which Snake River forces its way in the depth of its deep narrow cañon, toward which I had been directing my course after crossing the Preuss Range. Here stood the lonely tent of a homesteader and his family, who had not yet completed the log cabin which was to be their home. A mile below I reached Snake River and the ferry. The ferryboat was on the opposite side of the river—a scow, made fast to an overhead rope stretched from shore to shore. It was guided with a tiller, and the current furnished motive power to propel it. I shouted, and presently the ferryman appeared, crossed the boat for me, and carried me and the horses safely over. The man's name was Rogers, and he and Booth, two bachelors, lived here in a little log cabin, with one room and a loft. It was still pouring rain, and they invited me to stop with them. I accepted, turned Heart and Button loose to forage, cooked my

supper on the cabin stove, and spread my blankets on the floor.

I had received many warnings about the trail through the cañon, which was said to be particularly dangerous. Several horses, I was told, had fallen from it into the river, hundreds of feet below. Booth and Rogers confirmed these stories, particularly with reference to a stretch known as the Blue Trail. A short time previously, they told me, a forest ranger's horse had been lost here, and though very little traveled, several horses, they asserted, were lost every year in attempting to cross it. It was described as only a few inches wide, hanging upon the edge of a cliff, and of blue clay, which, when wet, is exceedingly difficult for smooth-shod horses to keep a footing upon.

Isolated as they were and rarely enjoying any companionship other than each other's and that of an amiable dog, my advent was a welcome break in the monotony of their life. And I was glad to stay with them, for they were both men of the early frontier type—a type that one rarely sees these days and only meets occasionally in such secluded spots as this.

CHAPTER XVI

A LAND OF TRAGIC MEMORIES

ALL night rain fell steadily and it did not cease until mid-forenoon on the day following my arrival at Booth's Ferry. Then the sun broke through the clouds to look upon a drenched world. Booth and Rogers warned me that it would be foolhardy to venture into the cañon with the treacherous "Blue Trail" wet and slippery, as it necessarily was so soon after the storm, and hearkening to their advice I spent the day with them.

Rogers was an old prospector who had followed elusive fortune all his life as the donkey followed the wisp of hay held before its nose. Booth was a typical Rocky Mountain prospector, miner, hunter, and trapper. Fifteen years before my visit he had established his ferry and built his cabin at the lower end of the

Grand Cañon of the Snake. Since then he had hunted and trapped in this and the cañon of John Grey's River, which flows into the Snake near the ferry. During the summer he and Rogers operate the ferry and work a salt mine up Salt River Valley, which Booth discovered some years ago.

A short distance below the ferry Salt River empties into Snake River. This is the south fork of Snake River, known to the old fur trappers and traders as Mad River, as the north fork was known as Henry's River. It was here at the confluence of Salt and Snake Rivers that a band of Crow Indians on the morning of September 19th, 1812, stampeded the horses of a party of Astoria trappers under command of Robert Stuart *en route* from the Columbia River to the Missouri, leaving Stuart and his men afoot in a vast and unknown wilderness. Stuart burned his outfit, that it might not fall into the hands of the Indians, reserving only so much as his men could carry upon their backs, and boldly set out to walk the remaining distance and to wrest from the wilderness the food necessary to keep them alive.

It is easy at this distance to criticize them for many things they did, as it is always easy to criticize when the critic has knowledge of facts

the actor did not possess, or does not know of impelling motives. It is difficult, for instance, to understand why Stuart made a wide circuit to the northward in an effort to cross the mountains, instead of passing up the Grand Cañon of the Snake, ascending Hoback's River, and crossing thence into the Wind River Valley. He was looking for the trail followed two years previously by Wilson P. Hunt, one of the Astoria partners who had made the overland journey from the Missouri to the Columbia. This trail they believed the most feasible for their purpose.

Hunt had avoided the Grand Cañon of the Snake because he had found the river too turbulent for canoes, and his scouts had reported the cañon impassable for horses. Stuart with his foot party might easily have ascended the cañon, however, and two days' journey would have brought him to Hunt's trail on the Hoback. But the course he took by a long and roundabout route led him through a particularly difficult country, resulting in his men being driven to such extremities that it was once proposed to draw lots to decide who should die that the others might eat.

John Grey's River, named for an old Hudson's Bay Company trapper, who spent several

winters here alone, trapping beaver, brought vividly to my mind the fearful struggles of those indomitable pioneers. Could they but speak, Snake River, the Tetons—every river, mountain range and plain in this region—might tell of the heroic deeds and desperate struggles of those brave men of yesterday.

Booth's cabin stands at the foot of a high, barren mountain which rises well above timber line. Sometimes mountain sheep are to be seen on this mountain from the cabin door. Some fifty, the remnant of a once large flock, inhabit the heights. Each year the huntsman's rifle, however, is diminishing the number, and very shortly they will be exterminated. These are the most available sheep for the people of 'Afton and the other settlements of Star Valley, and the few settlers in the valley below the cañon depend very largely upon wild game—chiefly elk, but occasionally sheep—to supply their tables with meat. It is usual for settlers to corn sufficient elk meat to carry them over the summer.

During the first years that Booth lived here a herd of about fifteen hundred elk passed down the cañon each autumn, on their way to their winter range in the Snake River valley below, and regularly returned in the spring to their

summer ranges in higher altitudes. When the settler came with his repeating rifle the herd began noticeably to diminish with each annual migration, until five years ago its last remnant, numbering eighty-eight, passed out of the cañon, and no member of it ever returned.

Booth observed and counted these eighty-eight when they came down the cañon and his curiosity led him to inquire their fate. He learned definitely where ranchmen had killed eighty-six of them. The other two apparently escaped, but no elk have since come out of the cañon or been seen upon the ancient elk range in the valley.

The rain at our level had been snow in the higher altitudes. The weather turned cold and the morning was crisp with frost when I turned into the cañon to resume my journey. The sun shone brilliantly, and the atmosphere possessed to a high degree that tonic, transparent quality so characteristic of Rocky Mountain regions. These conditions combined to make the day ideal.

While now and again the trail dropped down close to the water, for the most part it hung upon the edge of a steep mountainside or well-nigh perpendicular cliff several hundred feet above the rushing river. It was not, however, in

any sense a dangerous trail for one using ordinary caution, and I found it from end to end of the cañon well beaten and in good condition. Once I met a cowboy drifting some cattle down the cañon and had to find foothold for the horses at the edge of the trail and wait for them to pass me single file.

My bivouac that night, at the edge of the pines on a level spot above the Blue Trail, I recall as one of the most delightful of my journey. The atmosphere was sweet with the odor of pines; below me the singing river sparkled in the starlight; around me rose high cañon walls, dark with clinging timber and fringed at the top with pine trees standing out in silhouette where sky and cañon rim met. A cozy, cheerful fire gave material comfort, for the night was cold.

The Grand Cañon of the Snake is peculiarly attractive, and its wild and primitive grandeur makes it one of the most inspiring and lovely bits of country in this whole region. The river holds an abundance of trout, and I can recall no more ideal spot, comparatively easy of access, than this for a camper's and angler's holiday.

Above my night's bivouac I passed an abandoned placer miner's cabin, not far beyond

Photograph by S. N. Leek

Seventy Elk Died Around This Hay Crib in the Winter of 1911.

forded the river, and presently came upon the little log cabin of Jack Davis, an old placer miner who has lived here alone, washing gravel, for more than twenty years. For months at a time no human being passes this way, and he was glad to see me. He lives on fish and game mainly, supplemented, when he has them—and that is not always by any means—by bacon and flour, which he packs fifty miles on his back. His claim has never yielded him more than a scant living, but with the miner's never-failing optimism he expects some day to "strike it rich."

All the gravel along the Snake, even high up on the mountain sides, the length of the cañon, is filled with flake gold. One can find "color" anywhere, but the flakes are too light to separate from the gravel by any known process. Now and again Jack finds a small nugget, however, sufficient to keep his courage and hope alive. And so he will continue digging and working until life goes out. A chance passer-by will some day find his poor old body in the cañon, where he and his hopes have died together. He is now seventy-seven years of age.

Old Jack was frying bacon when I dismounted and stopped for a quarter hour's chat with him. He urged me to join him at dinner.

It was twelve o'clock, he said, "by the sun," and I "better stop." My watch verified his guess, but I excused myself on the plea of short days and the necessity of taking advantage of all the daylight to travel. I was well aware that he had little enough for himself to eat, without entertaining strangers, and it would have insulted his sense of hospitality had I even suggested using my own provisions, for Jack Davis is a remnant of the early Western frontier.

My trail carried me thence past some steaming sulphur springs and to Hoback's River, which I forded not far from its junction with the Snake. This is the lower winter range of the great elk herds that congregate along the Snake River valley, through Jackson's Hole, to the Gros Ventre.

The Hoback is another river that brings vividly to our mind the desperate struggle of the party of trappers under Mr. Hunt in their overland journey to the Columbia. From the summit of the Wind River Range they had caught their first view of the giant Tetons which one of the guides assured them marked the upper waters of the Columbia. These were their pilots for many days, and Hunt named them the "Pilot Knobs." Their course thence car-

ried them across the southern end of the Gros Ventre Range, on the western slope of which they encountered a stream flowing to the westward.

This stream Hoback told Mr. Hunt was a stream upon which he had trapped, and was a headwater stream of the Columbia. It was hailed with joy, and following its rugged course to its junction with the Snake, they felt that at last their troubles were at an end. The Snake, or Mad, River, as they afterward called it, appeared capable of floating their canoes, and they prepared at once to abandon their horses and navigate the stream. They forded the Hoback at the very point where I made my fording, camped on the Snake a little below where timber for canoe building was available, and the Canadian voyageurs set gaily to work to build the necessary canoes. They had only begun the work when two Snake Indians entering the camp warned them that the river below could not be navigated. Scouts despatched down the cañon returned to verify this statement. The river, mad and wild, rushed down over rocks and between perpendicular walls, and the cañon they claimed was too narrow and rugged for even the horses to pass through.

The animals were repacked, the party filed

down past the sulphur springs to cross Mad River at the fording place which I found and where I crossed, almost a hundred years, to a day, later, worked up and westward over the rugged Snake River Range, and were launched upon that fearful journey of hardship and privation which cost several of the party their lives.

After fording the Hoback I found a newly-made wagon road, leading down. This wound around the summits of the foothills and from the higher points offered an entrancing view of the surroundings. Below wound the Snake, a shimmering ribbon, and all about me rolled a rugged, tumultuous mass of broken, snow-topped mountains crowned by the three mighty Tetons whose bald and jagged summits were the Pilot Knobs of Hunt a century before.

Descending thence into Jackson's Hole, once the resort of horse thieves and bad men, now the home of peaceful, thriving ranchmen, one night was spent at Cheney, which from its appearance on the map I expected to find a settlement, but which proved to be a single ranch, and the following morning I rode into the village of Jackson.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GREAT QUESTION IN JACKSON'S HOLE

IT was a Sunday near dinner time when I reached Jackson and registered at the little hotel. Saddled horses stood along the streets and the hotel office was crowded with ranchers and cowboys who had ridden in to spend the day, using the office as a general gathering place and clubroom. After a very good dinner, at which elk meat was served, I joined the assemblage in the office, and spent the afternoon and evening smoking, listening, and assimilating such information as I could relative to the attitude of the people toward the game situation, and the game situation here centers upon elk.

A group of young men were holding a lively argument when I entered the hotel office as to each other's relative attainments as a "bronco

buster." At a recent gathering all of them had been unseated by a bull owned by the hotel keeper, save one man, who had not yet attempted to master the animal. He swaggered around in hairy chaps, high-heeled boots, and with a big revolver on his belt. He asked them to bring the bull out and he would show the defeated ones how to ride it. For a time it seemed as though we were to have an exhibition of wild bull riding, but the landlord killed our hopes with the statement that the bull was out on the range and it would require several hours to bring him in.

I asked a quiet man next me who the boastful one was.

"Oh, he's a feller works around. He's diggin' a well for a ranchman up here now."

"Why," said I, "I thought from his outfit he was a cowpuncher."

"What, him!" exclaimed my informant. "He'd stampede a bunch o' steers with his yawp. He can bust broncs though. He *is* some rider."

A young man, dressed in khaki and evidently not a native of the valley, had supper with us in the evening, and I learned that he was the Reverend Robert M. Beckett, an Episcopal clergyman stationed in Jackson. From him I

obtained the names of leading guides and chief citizens of the country. One of the men mentioned by him, Mr. S. N. Leek, ranchman, ex-member of the State legislature, known as a big-game photographer, and particularly well known for his active efforts in the interests of game protection, I had already communicated with, earlier in the day, with a view to securing his co-operation. That evening I received a telephonic invitation, which I accepted, to visit him the following day at his ranch, that we might canvass the elk situation together.

The Jackson's Hole country—properly speaking, Jackson's Hole is a restricted, marshy space near Jackson village—is the winter range of the largest elk herds on the American continent. The whole valley, however, which for convenience I shall refer to as Jackson's Hole, includes an area approximately forty miles in length and perhaps ten miles in breadth, and the herds that accumulate here during early winter and remain until spring thaws free the mountains of snow and ice aggregate, at a conservative estimate, thirty thousand animals.

A considerable proportion of these, though by no means all of them, are Yellowstone Park elk, driven down from the higher altitude of the park, which lies at an average of some eight

thousand to nine thousand feet above the sea, when the heavy snows to which the park is subject make winter feeding there impossible. Others of the elk summer in the Wyoming State game refuge, south of and adjoining the park, the remaining few on mountain ranges lying contiguous to Jackson's Hole.

It was my purpose in visiting Jackson's Hole to investigate on the ground the conditions prevailing here among the animals; to learn how far true were reports that great numbers starved each winter through lack of forage; and if it should seem that such conditions had not been overdrawn and that they actually existed, to learn the cause that led to the condition, in the hope that some remedy might be suggested.

That the country and the situation may be understood, it should be explained that Jackson's Hole is hemmed in on all sides by lofty, precipitous mountain ranges, the most notable of which are the Tetons, to the west. It is a fertile basin, and the Snake River and several tributary creeks and brooks favor it with an abundance of water. Indeed it has one considerable marshy area so wet even in the driest season that it produces abundant grass without artificial irrigation.

Photograph by S. N. Leek

One-fourth of the Original Herd Had Starved to Death when this Photograph was Taken in Mid-Winter.

Jackson's Hole lies at an altitude of approximately six thousand feet above the sea, and this high altitude confines its agricultural development mainly to hay and grain production, which makes it naturally a cattle and horse country, though sufficient of the hardier vegetables are grown for home consumption. Stock being the mainstay of the ranchmen, it is their custom to maintain as many cattle and horses as their ranches will support. The nearest railroad at present is ninety miles from Jackson, and during the winter there is but one outlet—over Teton Pass. According to the 1910 census the population of what is spoken of as the Jackson's Hole country totaled 889.

Mr. Leek lives three miles below Jackson on his ranch of four hundred acres. He came to Jackson's Hole twenty-three years ago and was therefore among the first of the settlers and has ever since been intimately associated with its history and development.

During the succeeding days I saw much of the lower valley, as Mr. Leek's guest and under his guidance, and met and interviewed many of the people, following this with a complete view of the upper valley and finally visiting the Gros Ventre region, where it is proposed to establish a game refuge and winter range.

Here Leek and I pitched a tent and remained three nights, spending the days in the saddle riding over the surrounding mountains and valley. In this tour I read the sickening story of the tragedy of the elk, written in bold characters on every field, on every hill and mountainside, and by every brook. It was the one subject of conversation, and the traveler through Jackson's Hole cannot avoid it.

At the point where I forded the Hoback the first indications of dead elk were seen, and all along the trail from the Hoback to the Gros Ventre were scattered bones and tufts of hair of animals that had starved. Bark-stripped willows and quaking aspens and twigs and limbs as large as one's fingers, gnawed down by famished animals in a vain attempt to find sustenance in dead sticks, told the story of misery and suffering.

On the fields wherever I walked and through the foothills were the bones of innumerable elk that had perished within two years. At some points the bones literally lay in piles about bunches of willow with gnawed-off limbs and groves of quaking aspens stripped bare of bark.

Leek told me that there had been times when he could walk half a mile on the bodies of dead elk. Others reiterated this statement. One

ranchman was prepared to make an affidavit that within a small area in the lower end of the Hole he had actually counted the bodies of sixteen hundred dead elk, in the spring of 1909. Another stated that when the snow of that spring melted two thousand bodies lay within a radius of one mile of his house. Another said that within a like radius at another point he had seen five thousand bodies.

Many other reputable ranchmen, in describing the awful stench arising in early summer from the putrefying bodies of dead animals, asserted that several families had been compelled temporarily to abandon their homes, made uninhabitable by the odor. Every one told of the water in early summer, slimy and reeking with decaying elk flesh and made unwholesome for man or beast. One ranchman asserted that within a period of twenty years' residence in Jackson's Hole he had seen upwards of fifty thousand elk perish from starvation.

Let us look at the causes that lead to this condition. It is an unnatural condition and the causes are easily traceable, though the remedies may not be so easily administered.

In the year 1872 Congress set aside the Yellowstone National Park, embracing an area of approximately thirty-six hundred square miles,

and later very stringent regulations were put in force restricting the hunting of any kind or species of animal within its boundaries, save of predatory animals in very particular cases and under strict observation. This made of Yellowstone National Park an ideal game preserve and refuge, where, under military patrol, it is safe to say no poaching takes place. Thus was formed a great breeding ground for animals to which they could retreat, free from molestation by their old-time enemy the Indian, or their new and far more destructive enemy the white man.

The elk herds of Yellowstone Park and the contiguous country were large and their annual increase under normal conditions is about one-third annually. As previously stated, their winter ranges in the park were limited to small and restricted areas, due to the high altitude of the park, its heavy snows and severe winters. As the early snows began to deepen upon the mountains the herds sought lower levels, the overflow of the limited winter feeding grounds in the park drifted out and spread over ranges beyond its borders, those in the south working their way across the Tetons into Idaho, into Jackson's Hole, along the Hoback, the Big Bend of the Green River, and down to the Red

Desert. This wide spread of country supplied ample forage for them during the severe winter months. Those in the north worked from the park into available ranges in Montana, where forage was then also plentiful.

In time the Idaho ranges, the Red Desert and other outlying ranges were turned over by the Federal authorities to sheep men, whose flocks swept them and keep them swept clean of winter forage, until at length only Jackson's Hole remained to the southern herds, exceedingly insignificant and most inadequate, as compared with the one-time extensive and adequate winter ranges. Elk will starve on any range that sheep have grazed. Let us not forget the fact that with the elimination of winter ranges the elk were not proportionately reduced in numbers.

In Jackson's Hole nothing but the unyielding position of the settlers, who are determined that the animals shall not be robbed of this last range, has kept the sheep men out. I have never visited a game country where the people were so unanimously game conservers, so keenly alive to the value of game and have individually sacrificed so much for its preservation as the people of Jackson's Hole.

Their method of excluding the sheep man

was forcible and has been effective for a time at least. Not long ago the Federal authorities issued permits, it was said, to a sheepman to graze the open range of Jackson's Hole, and the sheepman under the permits which he claimed he held drifted several thousand sheep across Teton Pass. When he appeared with his flocks the settlers called an indignation meeting to devise ways and means of keeping him out.

A committee was appointed to wait upon him and advise him to leave quietly and at once. He told the committee that he was there by Federal license and intended to stay. The committee returned and reported, and another committee was appointed, supplied with ropes, and instructed to see that no living sheepman or sheep continued longer than three days on the Jackson's Hole side of Teton Pass. The committeemen waited upon the sheepman and advised him and his herdsmen of their instructions and their intention of carrying out these instructions literally. The sheepman saw the point—and the rope—and discreetly departed.

Thus Jackson's Hole was reserved for the elk, not by government foresight, but by the active interference of the settlers, who realized that the only hope of preserving the animals

from destruction was the exclusion of sheep from this last remaining range. Sheep would also have ruined the range for cattle.

The Federal government is, then, to a large degree responsible for the deplorable present-day condition of the elk. Our government has bred and is breeding animals in great numbers in summer, to turn them out in winter, without provision, to starve.

CHAPTER XVIII

WYOMING'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEAD ELK

THE State of Wyoming is very largely responsible for the wholesale starvation of elk which annually takes place within her borders. While the Federal government robbed the animals of the original ranges to which nature adapted them and which would have provided them with ample pasturage through the trying months of any ordinary winter, Wyoming has adopted all elk coming within her boundaries as hers, and whenever it has been suggested has resented Federal or other interference tending toward their protection, because of their acknowledged intrinsic value to her. She has thus placed upon herself the responsibility of providing them, artificially, with winter forage. She has brought her elk to a state of semi-domestication, and just as a

Photograph by S. N. Leek

Within the Shelter of Some Friendly Bush the Starving Elk Lie for Days.

farmer should provide food for his stock, she should provide food for her elk.

Very early Wyoming awoke to the fact that her wild game was one of the most valuable resources of the State and took wise and praiseworthy steps for its protection. She was one of the first, if not the first, of our States to require non-resident hunters to pay well for the privilege of hunting big game within her borders. At the cost of fifty dollars the non-resident may purchase a big game license allowing him to kill certain designated animals, including one elk, and upon the payment of an additional fifty dollars, a second as a limit.

Laws were passed providing severe punishment for head and tusk hunters, the latter at one time invading the game fields and killing great numbers of bulls for the tusks alone and in no way utilizing the flesh. They were about the most unconscionable game killers, worse even than the old buffalo hunters who killed for hides, and contributed more than any other cause to the destruction of elk in regions where they were once plentiful but are no longer found.

I have known a pair of tusks, within a year to sell for forty dollars, and they were unmounted and just as taken from the animal.

This is a strong incentive for unprincipled men to kill for tusks, in defiance of law. It would seem, in view of this indisputable fact, that secret societies should place an absolute ban upon all members of the societies in good standing wearing tusks as ornaments or emblems at any time.

The restrictions on non-resident hunters, aimed chiefly at pot hunters from Idaho and Montana, also had the effect intended and put an end to the indiscriminate slaughter that prevailed as long as non-residents enjoyed the same privilege as residents. A limit of two elk was also placed, with a nominal license fee, upon resident hunters.

Under these restrictions the already large herds began to increase, and Wyoming saw great possibilities ahead. In his annual report of 1903, the State game warden said:

"If the State of Wyoming will properly husband its game and fish until the building of new railroads has made our mountain ranges and trout streams easily accessible, the annual revenue from these items of natural wealth will, if wisely managed, equal the income now derived from our domestic stock."

The State bent itself to this end in the most unreasonable and unbusinesslike manner imagi-

nable. Instead of endeavoring to propagate elk in other regions, capable of supporting considerable herds, it concentrated its attention upon the already too large and starving herds which segregated each year in the Jackson's Hole country, bending its efforts to increase still further the numbers, but making no provision to feed or care for these animals in winter when their range was stripped of forage early in the season, as it has been for several years, through overfeeding.

As any lad in the country could have foreseen and foretold, this in the natural course of events led to a largely increased death rate. Previous even to this time (1903) the elk of this region had become so numerous as to starve in such alarming numbers that humanitarians had been led to suggest Federal interference. Referring to this, the State game warden took occasion to remark in his report of that year:

"It is to be hoped that our non-resident friends will allow us to demonstrate our ability to protect our own property."

The State's method of protecting its own property was to create a new game refuge south of and adjoining Yellowstone Park, extending south from the south boundary of the park to the mouth of the Buffalo Fork of Snake River,

and east from the Idaho-Wyoming State line to the head of the Yellowstone River, embracing approximately nine hundred square miles of territory. In this refuge, as in Yellowstone Park, many elk find summer range and breeding ground, as they always have; in addition to this, none of the elk, and none of the elk that invade the territory in their autumnal southward migration from the park, may be hunted during the open season, and therefore hunting is practically limited to the territory lying between the refuge and the Gros Ventre and in the Gros Ventre region, thereby limiting the annual kill and increasing the animals on the already largely overstocked ranges.

And so conditions grew worse; fat, sleek thousands of elk surged into Jackson's Hole in early winter; a gaunt, spectral band, leaving hundreds upon hundreds of dead companions behind them, staggered back to the summer range in the spring, but on the whole the increase outnumbered the deaths.

In 1908 the State game warden was moved to assert in his annual report that "These elk are the most valuable livestock in Wyoming," and, continuing, suggested, "It is to be hoped that our legislature about to assemble will appreciate the importance of prompt action and

take the requisite steps to secure a winter range while these animals are in prime condition."

The winter range suggested, which it was proposed to make also a game refuge, was the Gros Ventre River territory, thus adding to the prohibited hunting country a large part of the only unrestricted territory which these great herds now visit during the open hunting season. This proposition has not as yet been put through, largely because of the solid opposition of the residents of Jackson's Hole, who are too well aware, not only of its inadequacy to relieve the situation, but also of the absolute certainty that it would make matters even worse by practically putting a stop to shooting, and surely result in leaving those few annually killed, which is far below the yearly increase, to starve. The setting apart of this refuge, however, is still a live question.

I rode over this proposed new winter range, and it appealed to me as so palpably unfitted for the purpose that I could only wonder at the proposition. Everyone who knew the country here voiced this opinion. At present some five thousand elk attempt to winter on the Gros Ventre, but the mortality among them is tremendous.

The proposition to set aside this territory in-

cluded the suggestion that the few ranchmen settled here could be induced to relinquish and abandon their homesteads for a gross sum of from $40,000 to $50,000, and that the State could then cut and stack the hay from the irrigated ranch meadows, to be fed to the animals as necessity demanded. It is probable that for a year or two this would carry the five thousand elk wintering there at present through the trying period in fairly good shape.

The proposed Gros Ventre refuge lies at a high altitude, however; its snows are deep, and the animals would have to be fed regularly in yards they would make for themselves; at most but a small part of the herds could be cared for here, while this new refuge would practically eliminate hunting and to that extent tend to increase the number of animals and make the problem of caring for them more difficult each winter.

Conservative approximate estimates of the elk in northwestern Wyoming place the number at 50,000. Those wintering in the Jackson's Hole country, between the Hoback and the Gros Ventre rivers, may be placed conservatively at 30,000. Snow lies so deep upon many sections of Jackson's Hole that herds are forced to segregate in various separate and limited

areas that are more or less wind-swept, and forage, therefore, to some extent, is uncovered and available while it lasts. Thus it will be seen that while the animals have between sixty and seventy acres per head on the summer range, when forage is green and plentiful, they have less than one acre per head in the winter when forage is withered and of poorer quality than in the summer and much more difficult to be reached.

By the middle of January the elk ordinarily have the range eaten pretty clean and are then compelled to turn to coarse sticks and bark, which in the case of grazing animals such as elk possess small food value. The bark is even eaten from fence rails. By February first the elk have grown gaunt and many of them have fallen into a starving condition; presently the weaker ones are seen lying down, unable to regain their feet. Thus they remain one, two, and sometimes three or more days, until a merciful providence relieves their sufferings. Thenceforward this pitiful spectacle is constantly before the eyes of the settlers until spring thaws come and the famished creatures that have survived the period turn back again into the hills to regain strength and flesh in a season of plenty.

When the starving period begins the ranchmen pitch tents or make bivouacs near their haystacks, and to save the hay for their cattle are compelled to sleep by the stacks during the severest months of winter. Sometimes even then desperate elk charge the stacks and get some of the hay. It is necessary for the ranchmen to guard and protect the hay for their domestic stock, else the stock would starve. As stated previously, this is a stock country and livestock is the chief dependence of the ranchmen.

Nevertheless many elk feed with domestic cattle, and tender-hearted ranchmen not infrequently put their stock on short allowance in order to donate, now and again, a bit of forage to desperate and starving elk. As an instance, Mr. Leek fed at his own expense twenty-one elk during the winter of 1910, and on several occasions animals forced their way into the barn where he stables his driving horses. It is customary for settlers when driving out to stuff as much hay into their sleighs as can conveniently be carried and distribute it to weaker animals in particularly pitiable condition which they pass along the road.

The winter of 1908-09 was an unusually hard winter here, and early in January, 1909, Jack-

Looking Toward Mountain Heights Into the Valley of the Gros Ventre.

The Result of a Slide on the Gros Ventre.

son's Hole was stripped of forage. It is probable that the greater part of the herds would have perished but for the fact that ranchmen on their own initiative distributed twenty loads of hay daily to twenty thousand elk. This barely sufficed to keep the animals alive. The ranchmen, to be sure, were later recompensed by the State for the hay, but even so it was to their disadvantage to take it from their domestic stock, which they were compelled to put on exceedingly short allowance; and when they fed the hay they had no guarantee that they would be paid for it.

Referring to that season, the State game warden, in his annual report, says:

"Not many grown elk died, but about fifteen per cent of the young ones perished. Had nothing been done to relieve the elk, a frightful loss would have been the result. The prompt action of the settlers in taking the initiative and beginning feeding operations and the generosity of the legislature in providing funds deserve the highest commendation."

The State game warden in his estimate of the elk that perished, is at wide variance with every ranchman in Jackson's Hole. I personally interviewed many of the leading residents and obtained estimates from them of the pro-

portion of the herds that perished, and the most conservative placed the number at not less than *seventy-five* per cent of the young, and *ten* per cent of the adult, elk. I had but one estimate as low as ten per cent of the latter, the majority agreeing that at least *fifteen* per cent of the grown animals perished.

Again, in February, 1910, many elk died of starvation in Jackson's Hole, but a fortunate thaw cleared the upper ranges in early March, and not nearly so many were lost as in 1909.

In spite of these lessons which have been repeated winter after winter for several years, Wyoming took no steps to protect her animals during the winter of 1910-1911, and when the spring of 1911 opened the carcasses of starved animals in untold numbers were strewn over the valleys and the hillsides.

S. N. Leek wrote me on January 28, 1911:

"Last night, coming down from Jackson, I passed over twenty calf elk lying by the road, none of them dead yet, but all will be within a few hours. While traveling in the road, where the snow is packed, they give out and drop down. We must drive around them with our teams, and those who pass throw out little bunches of hay to them. Some of them are seen lying with the hay before them, but too far

gone to eat it. In a few hours, or days at most, those that are down now will be dead. What you saw last fall will not be a fourth of what you may see next spring. And still the great State of Wyoming and the Federal government protect them on a summer range, averaging seventy acres to each animal, where all grazing of domestic stock is prohibited, and not one acre each is reserved for them for a winter range.

"I took a photograph from my barn last evening, showing probably fifty elk, part of them within the corral, and at the time there were fifteen hundred head of elk within my field, all starving. I could feed a hundred or so, but did I commence I should soon have a thousand to feed, and I haven't the hay to feed that many. I feel almost like quitting and letting them all die and have the worry over."

A day or two after writing me the above letter, Leek wrote me again that he had canvassed Jackson's Hole to learn how much hay each ranchman could in safety spare from his needs for his domestic stock. The previous summer was one of unusual drought, and Leek found *less than fifty tons of hay available for elk.*

Early in February, 1911, the State legislature so far aroused itself from its indifference to the

conditions as to vote an emergency fund of $5,000 to relieve the elk, in response to an appeal from the people of Jackson's Hole. At the same time the Jackson's Hole and Wyoming sportsmen made a strong appeal for assistance to the Federal authorities at Washington which resulted in an appropriation of $20,000 to be expended on behalf of the elk. Had these appropriations been made last spring and hay purchased last summer, it would have gone far toward saving the elk, but with no hay obtainable at this late day, little could be done. A meeting was called of all the settlers before this emergency fund was voted to consider the feasibility of driving their cattle over Teton Pass to Teton Basin in Idaho, where feed could be had for them and distributing their hay to starving elk. To drive the stock in winter over this trail would have been no small undertaking and would doubtless have resulted in considerable loss of stock.

Let us summarize briefly Wyoming's responsibility for the condition: She began early in her statehood to work for the enlargement of herds already too numerous for available winter ranges. Not satisfied with the annual increase shown, she established an extensive refuge adjoining Yellowstone Park that the herds

might grow as large as possible, in order to net her a large revenue when railroads open her game regions to sportsmen. In spite of the fact that winter ranges are excessively overstocked, she proposes to establish still another refuge in the Gros Ventre.

She makes no provision for winter feeding, though regularly every year thousands upon thousands of her elk are dying of starvation. She resents outside criticism and proposed interference on the part of the Federal government, on the ground that she is abundantly able to take care of her own property, though past and present conditions prove that she is utterly unable or unwilling to care for these migratory animals which she chooses to claim as her own the moment they enter her territory.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW THE ELK MAY BE SAVED

IT will be seen from the preceding chapters how serious the elk situation of the Jackson's Hole country is. How can it be relieved? What is the remedy? No one wants to lose the last large herds of elk remaining to us if it is possible to save them. Humanity demands on the other hand that the herds be reduced in size, if they cannot otherwise be provided for in winter, to a point where the limited ranges open to them will support them without undue suffering. The question is, then, can the present herds be kept in their entirety and provision be made against their suffering? I believe this is possible, though it would not seem wise to permit further increase, as the limit of numbers, in justice to the animals, appears to have been reached.

Though Wyoming claims absolute ownership of the elk within her borders and puts her claims above those of the Federal government, the elk, as well as all the ranges here in question, are within United States forest reserves, including Jackson's Hole. Wyoming in claiming ownership has also asserted and reiterated that these elk are of greater economic value than all the domestic livestock in the State, and it is true that the elk are a source of considerable revenue to her. It seems, therefore, but just that some part of the money brought into the State treasury through the elk should be used to guard the animals from suffering, particularly in the face of the further fact that it has been demonstrated that this is feasible. In view of her claims of ownership and her high valuation of the elk, the country at large is warranted in expecting her to act on ordinary business principles and to care for them just as any farmer would care for his stock, by feeding them in seasons when the ranges become inadequate to support them. Thus she might incidentally prove that she is "able to take care of her own property without outside interference."

Humanity demands that she do this, or in the event of her failure to do so that the Federal government take possession of the herds. In

another chapter I said that it was a question whether or not migrating animals passing from a reserve in one State to a reserve in another, but still remaining within the boundaries of reserves, should not come under Federal control. The elk here in question fall within the last classification, as they have never passed out of national forest reserves.

Wyoming's assumption of sole responsibility for the proper care of these animals places her in the position of a stockman, and a stockman under similar conditions would do one of three things: If a certain range contained more animals than it could support, he would obtain forage from elsewhere and feed the animals; or he would sell his surplus stock; or he would transfer his surplus to other ranges that were understocked, if he possessed such ranges.

It is not only possible but feasible to feed the elk, and Wyoming is only deterred from feeding because of the expense entailed, though it would be comparatively small, adopting instead a penny wise and pound foolish policy.

During the haying season ranchmen in Jackson's Hole are willing to sell the State considerable quantities of hay at from four to five dollars per ton, and enough could be had at this price, economically dispensed, to carry the elk

over the season of stress. It would be necessary to arrange with the ranchmen for the hay in summer, that they might have ample time to drive their cattle over the Teton Pass, or make other winter provision for them. It has been claimed that the ranchmen demand of the State excessive prices for hay. I was assured that the price above named would be the limit of demand, and surely, with the average ruling price of hay elsewhere throughout the country about eighteen dollars a ton, five dollars cannot be characterized as excessive. Hay thus purchased could be held in reserve for time of need and would meet all requirements, but Wyoming has never put aside one ton of hay to meet an emergency certain to arise.

In my description of Jackson's Hole I referred to a marshy area supporting a good growth of grass. This area contains about three thousand acres and is easily good for at least one ton of hay per acre. The greater part of the marsh is owned by private individuals, but it could be acquired by the State by reimbursing the owners for the slight improvements they have made upon it. The hay thus obtained would cost the State very little and might be held as a reserve to meet emergencies.

While under normal and healthful conditions

the annual increase among the elk of northwestern Wyoming should be considerably greater than at present, it is, conservatively estimated, about five thousand. The total number of elk killed annually in the State averages one thousand. If the cost of present non-resident licenses was reduced from fifty dollars to twenty-five dollars, allowing the hunter to kill one elk, with an additional charge of twenty-five dollars for a second elk, it is probable that many more non-resident hunters would upon these reduced terms visit the State, with the result that an additional thousand elk would be killed.

This would in no case tend to reduce the size of present herds, but it would prevent an annual increase too large to control, which would result if wholesale starvation were stopped through feeding. It would produce to the State a revenue so considerable that even in her stingiest mood Wyoming might be moved to apply a small proportion of it to the purchase of sufficient hay to keep the elk in good condition through any ordinary, or, for that matter, extraordinary winter.

This proposition, I am aware, will be hailed with horror by those who object under any conditions to killing wild animals, but it is better

to kill the elk than to starve them, and humanity here demands some such course. No stockman in the world would attempt to maintain a hundred steers on a range that would not support seventy. We must not permit the sentimental point of view to overtop the practical.

On the other hand, Wyoming has considerable ranges in other sections of the State far understocked. Wherever this is the case a permanent close season should be established and maintained until the ranges are fairly well stocked. The idea of game protection is to stock ranges that are adapted to animals, but not overstock them, and when conditions warrant, to permit hunting, but not to so great an extent as to kill each year beyond the annual increase.

In view of the fact that Wyoming considers her elk of greater value than the domestic sheep now occupying the old desert ranges of the elk to the latter's exclusion, it is a pity that the Federal government ever permitted the sheep to ruin the ranges. What shift the Federal authorities expected their Yellowstone Park elk to make when they did this is hard to imagine, if indeed they ever gave the park elk a thought.

No one understanding the true meaning of game preservation can be in the least in sym-

pathy with the exclusion of settlers from territory for the sole purpose of propagating game. This would retard civilization, and no one wishes that. But if desert lands not adapted to settlement are more valuable as elk pasture than sheep pasture, as Wyoming has asserted, particularly when other and ample unoccupied ranges are open to sheep, humanity and good policy both demand that elk ranges be reserved for elk.

Last year Wyoming took thirty-six domesticated elk from Jackson's Hole to the Big Horn refuge. This refuge would accommodate thousands, and the Medicine Bow range also offers admirable opportunity. The transportation of elk has been proved by experiment to be perfectly feasible. In his report of 1907 the State game warden of Wyoming states:

"It has been well demonstrated that young elk may be captured in the Jackson's Hole country—in winter time—with cheapness and safety. They are enticed into enclosures by means of hay and fed until in suitable condition to move. In years past, when there were no restrictions upon the capture of game, I have known scores of young elk to be hauled ninety miles by wagon, and then shipped by rail to New York, with practically no resultant loss."

Elk in Jackson's Hole in the Early Fall.

And in his report for 1910 he says: "Experience during the past two winters has demonstrated that it is entirely feasible to shift large bands of elk from one locality to another. In the late fall or early winter, I am well convinced that a thousand—or more—elk could be gradually driven, or 'drifted' from the Buffalo Fork or Spread Creek country east to the heads of Wind River; and thence, later, half, or more of them, could be driven across the intervening country to the Big Horn Mountains. Such transfer could be made at one-tenth the cost of capture and shipment, and would tend to relieve the Jackson's Hole ranges. I trust that my successor will be authorized to at least try the experiment.

"If elk were protected for ten years in Carbon County, it would well be worth the cost to ship and liberate a car-load of young elk in the Medicine Bow Mountains. This is an ideal big game country, and with proper protection, the elk would increase rapidly, eventually distributing themselves over the entire Medicine Bow range."

If the State of Wyoming is truly interested in the preservation and propagation of big game, as her State game warden has repeatedly asserted in his annual reports, she could, with-

out expense and without appreciable loss to herself, permit other States to capture young elk that would otherwise starve, to stock adaptable ranges in these other States. The number to be captured and transported could be agreed upon, and it would be but just that the State receiving the elk give Wyoming a guarantee of a permanent closed season and of proper protection for the animals.

It is certainly up to Wyoming to take some steps toward the proper protection of her elk. If she does not do so promptly and continues to permit wholesale starving, the Federal authorities should take the matter in hand. If an individual were to treat one cow as cruelly as Wyoming annually treats thousands of elk, his neighbors would raise a howl of horror and the humane societies would lose no time in setting legal machinery in motion to have him severely punished. How long will the Federal government permit this condition to continue? Is it not after all a condition that calls for Federal control? The bulk of the elk that suffer are nurtured and reared in Yellowstone National Park under Federal supervision and are transient residents of the ranges outside the park boundaries.

Every citizen of the United States, therefore,

whether a resident of Wyoming or not, has an individual and personal interest in their welfare, as he has in all wild animals which inhabit our national parks or public lands outside the parks. But we are inclined to neglect the things that we do not see. Let visitors to Central Park, New York City, trample and destroy a bit of grass, and the newspapers set up a loud cry of distress; let several thousand noble elk, in which every citizen has an interest, be starved to death by slow torture and neglect, and the newspapers devote a half dozen lines to it. Let Reggie Moneybags wed Miss Gwendolyn Sillypate, and the newspapers devote at least two columns to the function, though neither of these twain ever did a useful thing in their precious lives; and when they are divorced a year later in Reno other columns are devoted to them; and still other columns when they each choose new matrimonial partners at the lapse of another month or so.

But morbid curiosity must be satisfied, even though the valuable space spent in gratifying it excludes news of real importance—and the wholesale starvation of elk in February, 1911, was a matter of real importance to the people of the country, though our papers gave it no notice generally, or at most scant reference. News-

papers are our great educators and moulders of public opinion. Let them once take up the matter of starving elk, and very quickly public opinion will drive our Federal and State authorities to solve the question and stop the wholesale torturing by starvation that has been going on for years.

Well-meaning people support at considerable expense hospitals for indigent and way-worn cats, in such cities as New York. If these well-meaning people would chloroform their indigent Tommies and spend their money to purchase hay for starving elk, or in a campaign to arouse public opinion in behalf of the starving herds, they would be doing a worthy service for dumb creatures.

CHAPTER XX

SHEEP, ANTELOPE, AND MOOSE

LEEK chose a romantic spot for our camp in the Gros Ventre valley under the lee of a grassy knoll, close to the river. A grove of fragrant fir trees was at our back, and directly across the river a precipitous mountain rose to lofty heights. Here we were encamped for three nights, spending our days in the saddle.

As previously stated, this is the upper winter range of the Jackson's Hole elk, and here, as in the lower valley, though to a smaller extent, for fewer elk winter here than there, we found the remains of many animals that had perished. Leek found one old head with a sixty-three-inch spread and measuring sixty inches along the outside of the horn. This was not a record head, but close to the largest bona fide head

extant, for it must be remembered that some of those that at one time passed as record heads of enormous proportions had been spliced.

This, too, is a good mountain-sheep country and several are killed each year on Sheep Mountain, on the mountain opposite our camp, and on others of the higher peaks near-by. Indeed, an old buck came down to the river not more than four hundred yards below us while we were camped there.

In a previous chapter it was stated that Wyoming probably has five hundred of the approximately seven thousand sheep remaining in the United States. Of these five hundred one hundred inhabit the Tetons. On the west side of the Tetons domestic sheep are invading the lower edge of the mountain-sheep range, with the result that scab has appeared among the latter. The statement that the sheep are infected is based upon reports made me by two sportsmen who killed sheep here during the open season preceding my visit, both of whom had killed infected animals. It would seem, therefore, that there is no question that the mountain sheep are infected, but how far the infection has spread it is at present impossible to say. It is not difficult, however, to prophesy the result. A few years ago some of Wyoming

sheep were badly infected, resulting in considerable mortality, but it was believed and hoped that the disease had run its course.

The number of mountain sheep killed each year by hunters in Wyoming, in conjunction with those destroyed by predatory animals, is beyond doubt considerably in excess of the increase, and with the Teton sheep infected with scab it would seem the part of wisdom for the State to follow Colorado's example and for a few years, at least, absolutely prohibit hunting.

Formerly there were considerable numbers of antelope in northwestern Wyoming. Though the warning was sounded that they were rapidly decreasing in numbers, hunting was permitted until 1909, and as a result antelope have practically disappeared from northwestern Wyoming.

The State game warden of Wyoming asserts: "Some parts of the State show a decided increase of deer, and it is safe to assert that Wyoming has as many—or more—deer now than it had five years ago." My investigations as to deer were not so thorough in Wyoming as I had hoped to make them, but the reports received, taking the State as a whole, bear out the game warden's assertion. There is no doubt deer are fairly numerous, though, scat-

tered as they are over a wide territory, no approximation of the number could be made with any degree of accuracy.

What is known as the Gros Ventre "slide" is situated some two miles above the place where we were camped. This is a section of mountain perhaps one mile wide and extending up the mountain side five miles, which is gradually changing its position and sliding down toward the river gorge. The first movement was noticed in 1907, and though the mountain side is sliding too slowly to be noticeable to the naked eye, save by the constant rolling of pebbles, or the trickling of gravel upon slopes, the area affected now has the appearance of having been shaken by a terrific earthquake. Trees have been rolled under; crevasses fifteen feet deep have opened; high pressure ridges have formed; in level places ponds have been filled and other ponds formed; and the Gros Ventre River, at the foot of the slide, has been pushed out of its old channel and against the base of a precipitous mountain opposite.

The slide is indeed pushing against this other mountain, gradually raising the river and forming a lake above, where none formerly existed. Above the river gorge, formed by the slide on one side and the mountain on the other, is a

large basin, and the prospect is that this basin will ultimately become a lake of considerable proportions. The river is very muddy below the slide, and one morning while we were camped there we found it had fallen nearly three inches, the result of a large body of earth having been rushed into it by the slide.

From our rendezvous on the Gros Ventre my route lay down the Gros Ventre to Slate Creek, thence up Slate Creek, over Mt. Leidy ridge past Leidy Lake, down to Spread Creek, over another ridge past Lilly Lake to the Buffalo Fork, and thence northward through the Wyoming game refuge to Yellowstone National Park, which I was to enter at Snake River station and traverse its width northward to Gardiner, Montana.

Leek kept me company to Mt. Leidy. On Slate Creek we passed a soldiers' camp, where Captain Dow and Lieutenant Rierdon, with half a dozen privates, made their headquarters while mapping mountain trails for military purposes. Beyond a maze of fallen timber on the slope of Mt. Leidy Leek turned back, to return to his camp on the Gros Ventre, while I rose to the summit of the pass, covered with the snow of recent storms. The last reach of the ascent was abrupt and there was no trail to fol-

low, but once at the top I was treated to a magnificent panoramic view of the valley I had just left.

Far beneath me the silver thread of Slate Creek wound down to join the Gros Ventre. Beyond the Gros Ventre rose Sheep Mountain with other mountains and lofty ranges beyond, in a mighty tumbled mass, some of them, like Mt. Leidy, where I stood, partially covered with fir and the summits of all of them white with snow.

On the opposite side of the ridge I dropped down past Lake Leidy, a beautiful bit of water romantically situated among the fir-clad peaks. In the descent from Leidy Lake to Spread Creek were the tracks of a large band of elk, chiefly cows and calves, with unmistakable signs that the animals had been driven. The tracks were fresh—not above a few hours old. That evening I was startled by the bugle call of an elk. It surprised me, for this was late in the season for bulls to be bugling.

The weather was growing cold. Spread Creek, where the water was not too swift, froze hard that night, and the earth became like flint. My course carried me down the creek for some distance, over a low ridge, and thence across the north branch of Spread Creek, which I

reached during the following forenoon. I aimed to come out at Lilly Lake—which is, in fact, only a small pond—thence cross another ridge, make past a butte Leek had described to me, and strike for a ford of the Buffalo, on the opposite side of which is an old military road leading into the direct route to the southern entrance of Yellowstone Park.

In emerging from the timber to descend into the gorge of the north branch, I descried some tents on a hill opposite and to the right, and upon riding up to them found it to be the camp of Roy McBride, a Jackson's Hole guide, who with three assistants, had an Englishman and his wife on a hunting trip—a "dude outfit," as one of the men put it.

Travelers here are classified as "dudes," "sage brushers," or "rough necks." Anyone who travels or hunts with a guide is a "dude," no matter how rough or unkempt his personal appearance. Those who travel with wagons on beaten roads, camping in more or less comfort with the paraphernalia they are able to carry in this way, are "sage brushers." A horseback traveler, doing his own cooking and camp work, unassisted by a guide and in fact roughing it in the true sense, is a "rough neck"—that is, one traveling as the people of the country

travel. They do not consider that a man is roughing it who has a guide to care for him and his camp equipment, nor one who travels by wagon on beaten roads. This classification extends over Yellowstone Park as well as the surrounding region.

McBride's "dudes" were a Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, who had come from England to secure elk trophies. I was introduced to them and accepted McBride's invitation to remain to dinner. Mr. Henderson, as well as others of the party, informed me that they had seen soldiers firing indiscriminately into herds of cow and calf elk and were certain some of the cows had been killed. McBride had no doubt the animals whose tracks I had seen between Leidy Lake and Spread Creek had been driven by soldiers.

It was mid-afternoon when I remounted and turned past Lilly Lake, riding now in forest, now in open, with no definite trail but taking the general direction in which, according to my map, the Buffalo Fork lay. Once crossing a knoll I discovered some elk feeding in a hollow. I swung behind another knoll and approached unobserved within fifty yards of them before they saw me. Then one of them raised its head, took a good look at me, surprise and wonder in

his eyes, and with the whole bunch broke for the cover of near-by timber.

This was shortly before sunset, and when darkness came I had not yet made out my landmark, the butte. A strong west wind had sprung up and the evening grew raw. I had hoped to make Buffalo Fork before camping and rode a full hour after dark. The woods were so thick, however, that it was difficult to pick a route in the darkness, and when at length I came upon a grassy, open hollow, I unpacked in the lee of the timber skirting it and turned the horses loose to graze.

I rarely troubled to pitch my tent, and a fire made the shelter of the trees so comfortable that after supper and a pipe I rolled in my blanket under the sky. Snow on my face roused me during the night and I drew my poncho over me, not to awaken until dawn. Five inches of snow covered me, and I made coffee that morning from melted snow.

Saddling and packing was but just accomplished when the storm resumed and the snow fell so thick that I could scarcely see a hundred yards. Shortly after starting I crossed two elk tracks, and the track of a big timber wolf, doubtless following the elk, but saw nothing of the animals. It is said that wolves are increas-

ing rapidly in numbers in the game refuge just north of this, where all hunting is prohibited.

Presently the snow ceased, the clouds scattered, and the sun broke out with blinding, dazzling brilliancy. At my feet, and below the snow line, lay the valley of the Buffalo, beyond it the timbered stretches of the State game reserve, to the westward through a purple haze the majestic Tetons, raising their jagged peaks high above the surrounding landscape.

The snow balled on the horses' feet, causing them to slip and slide badly in the descent to the valley, and I was glad to reach bare ground again. They had been on short rations before, and the night's snow had covered the grass so deeply that their breakfast had been light that morning. Therefore when I came to the cabin of Charles Neil, an old trapper, shortly after fording the Buffalo and learned he had oats and hay, I halted for the day.

Neil has been a fur trapper for more than thirty years and for the early season had a good showing of fall pelts, indicating that some fur-bearing animals still survive here. Mink and muskrat were chief among his catch.

The road northward to Yellowstone Park was through a romantic and picturesque region. To the left lay the Tetons, rising bleak and rug-

ged, their glacier stubs gleaming white in the sunlight, and the atmosphere bore the perfume of the pine and fir forest spreading far away in every direction.

This is a magnificent game cover and refuge. It is the sanctuary of Wyoming's moose, numbering now about four hundred. While any considerable number of elk would starve here in the winter, it is an ideal winter as well as summer range for moose and deer, both of which are browsing animals, while the elk normally is not. In connection with Yellowstone Park it offers a wide area of protection to bear, fur-bearing animals, and game birds.

This moose herd has been built up from an insignificant beginning to its present proportions during the past ten years. The close season will end in Wyoming in 1912, unless it is extended, and it is hardly to be supposed that the legislature will do otherwise than extend it, for one year's hunting would put a setback upon the moose that would spoil the work of those ten years.

There is some poaching on the refuge, but not a great deal. Two weeks before I passed through it, an army wagon was overturned on a rough bit of road. A mounted lieutenant, with two soldiers, escorted the wagon. A forest

ranger, happening along, dismounted to assist the driver and soldiers in righting the wagon and to his surprise discovered in the cargo which had rolled out upon the ground the head and part of the carcass of a freshly killed moose. The forest ranger put the lieutenant and his men under arrest, and when they were haled before a magistrate it developed that the lieutenant was already under bond to appear in answer to a charge of killing ducks within the prohibited bounds of the refuge.

The scenery through this whole region is particularly impressive. Since entering the Jackson's Hole region the Tetons—the Pilot Knobs of the fur traders—had remained within view, towering above the surrounding landscape in rugged and lonely grandeur. Since fording the Buffalo Fork my trail had carried me through a continuous forest, and for a few miles along beautiful Jackson Lake, whose placid waters reach from fir-clad shores to the very base of the mighty Tetons.

The sun was setting when I passed here, and I rode out upon a bluff overlooking the water to see it drop behind the Grand Teton with an effect of marvelous beauty. The three peaks were enveloped in a halo of dazzling brightness which presently gave way to a flood of

I Approached Within Fifty Yards Before They Noticed Me.

lurid red, reflected by the mirror-like waters of the lake at my feet. On the near side of the mountains, between the fiery glow above and the red-stained water below, lay a bank of dark purple, shading off on its outer edges to lighter hues. Overhead were great streaks of purple and orange, reaching out to the azure zenith.

At three o'clock on the day after leaving Neil's cabin I was halted by a soldier at the Snake River entrance to Yellowstone Park.

CHAPTER XXI

THE END OF THE TRAIL

I WAS anxious to cross the high altitudes of the Continental Divide as quickly as possible, for winter had already set in, and heavy snows were now to be expected. Any morning was likely to dawn with one of the terrific blizzards characteristic of the region, which would stop all travel save on snowshoes. The park's season for visitors was closed, however, and red tape held me at the soldiers' station at Snake River until near midday following my arrival, when I was permitted to proceed. That morning the thermometer registered twenty-two degrees of frost. The ground was covered with snow of a previous storm when I crossed the Continental Divide on the day I left Snake River station and ice did not melt there even at midday.

The expected snow began on the morning of my third day in the park and fell pretty steadily for a day and a half. Hayden Valley was very bleak, with snow blowing thick in my face and the wind cold and penetrating. Once or twice I met mounted troopers and north of the Yellowstone Cañon several freighters with wagon loads of material for the new hotel at the cañon. Otherwise the park was quite deserted save by the regular details of soldiers at the stations, where I halted to register, and some emigrants bound for Alberta, who were encamped for the night at Norris Basin, when I passed there.

Few animals were to be seen. Once I saw a bear, once a fearless coyote trotted for a mile or two in front of me, innumerable waterfowl lined the Yellowstone River, and beyond Norris Basin I encountered several deer. Between Norris Basin and Mammoth Hot Springs I met government scouts McBride and Brown, and we dismounted to light a fire and discuss for an hour the game situation, and particularly the condition of park game.

Once I halted to extinguish a blaze, started doubtless by transportation company teamsters who had stopped for luncheon and had failed to scatter their fire. The wind had carried the

embers to the edge of a mass of dead fallen timber and but for my opportune passing considerable destruction might have resulted.

It was dusk when I reached Mammoth Hot Springs. The sky was heavily clouded, and when I entered the cañon below the Springs darkness was so intense I could not see Heart's ears from my seat in the saddle. The river roared at my side, but was wholly invisible, and I had to depend upon the instinct of the horses to keep the road. When I dropped during the afternoon below 7,500 feet altitude I had left the snow behind, and here the footing was dry and hard and traveling, even in the heavy darkness, quite free from danger.

At eight o'clock I reached the park gate, only to find it closed. A soldier on guard at the station declined to open it and permit me to pass, on the ground that it was against orders to open the gate after seven o'clock. Some argument, however, finally persuaded him to do so, and half an hour later Heart and Button were feeding in a comfortable stable in Gardiner, Montana, and I was enjoying my supper at a hotel.

Here I fell in with Deputy Game Wardens P. W. Nelson and Henry Ferguson, who had just brought in a poacher charged with killing

moose. The next morning, in company with Nelson, I crossed into the park to view some immense stacks of hay that had been standing here, unused and rotting, for years, with the bones of elk that had starved to death the previous winter scattered about the stacks.

Late in the afternoon I resumed the trail and the following evening, after dark, rode into Emigrant in a snow squall. The next afternoon I saddled Button, left Heart to rest in a stable, and rode north to see Henry Lambert, an old-time guide, rancher, and pioneer, whose ranch lies twenty miles from Emigrant. I had been directed to turn into the first lane to the right, after passing a small church, and to follow the lane up a cañon. It was dusk when I passed the church and found the first lane, and dark before I reached the cañon. The lane road had petered out into a path, and when I entered the cañon there was no indication that it was inhabited. Neither trail nor surroundings could be seen, and I turned back to make inquiries at a cottage near the church. A clerical-looking individual answered my knock.

"Can you direct me," I inquired, "to Henry Lambert's ranch?"

"I can direct you, sir," said he, "but Mr. Lambert's ranch would be difficult to find at

night unless you are quite familiar with the country."

"I've never been here before."

"Then, sir, you could scarcely hope to find the ranch in the darkness with any directions I might give you."

"Could I get accommodations for the night for myself and pony with you or probably at some ranch?"

"No one here, sir, accommodates strangers at night."

At this juncture a gruff voice within shouted: "He kin bunk with me."

"One of my neighbors who is paying me a call," said the clerical gentleman, "offers you accommodations, sir, with him."

A tall, powerfully built man joined us. He was rough in appearance and a real frontier type.

"Yep," said he, "I'm bachin' over here. Glad t' have you."

As we walked over and I led Button to a little log cabin not far away, I inquired, "Are you one of the dominie's parishioners?"

"What's them?" he asked.

"Do you attend his church?"

"Nope. Don't go to no church. I ain't much on churches and religion."

The Mountain on the Right is Gradually Sliding Down, Damming the Gros Ventre River.

When Button was made snug we entered the cabin, and I stood in the door while he lighted a bit of rag floating in oil in a tin dish. The weird flicker displayed a very filthy room with a cook stove in which a wood fire burned.

"Now make yourself t' home," he exclaimed. "Mighty glad to have you come. I get plumb lonesome here sometimes. That's why I was over t' th' preacher's. I reckon you'd like a cup of coffee," he continued, immersing a finger in a tomato can on the stove to test the temperature of the coffee it contained. "Set up t' th' table and have a bite."

With a finger he wiped the stale grounds from an enameled cup, filled it with coffee, set out some bread, and I accepted his hospitality. Bill, he told me, was his name, and Bill, to say the least, was as eccentric as he was hospitable. We sat until midnight, while he related blood-curdling tales of personal experiences and adventures with Indians and wild animals.

"Why," said Bill, waving his arms in wild gestures, "maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I've spent a hull year t' a slap out on th' plains killing buffalo fer hides, without ever clappin' eyes on a petticoat."

I had brought neither blanket nor baggage from Emigrant, and my bed that night was

under the same dirty quilts with Bill, upon a dirty mattress on the floor alongside the stove. Bill talked in his sleep, waved his arms, and now and again gave mighty kicks, but on the whole I slept fairly well.

At dawn I fed Button, and when he had eaten, bade my friend Bill adieu, with thanks, and in due course reached Lambert's ranch, where Mr. and Mrs. Lambert gave me a true Western greeting and I enjoyed a breakfast of fried grouse, with home-made jelly. When I told them where I had spent the night, Mrs. Lambert held up her hands in horror and exclaimed:

"Of all places! With crazy Bill! Why, he escaped from an asylum not long ago and he's hiding up there. He's a lunatic!"

"Never mind," said I, "Bill took me, a stranger, into his cabin and gave me the best he had —and told me some good yarns."

In a previous chapter, discussing the elk situation in Jackson's Hole, it was stated that large numbers of park elk range in Montana, north of the park. Mr. Amos Hague, of Emigrant, who perhaps more than anyone else on the Montana side has been active in efforts to better the condition of the animals, had written me that elk were starving here in great numbers

every year because of depleted ranges. Every one whom I interviewed hereabouts—hunters, guides, game wardens, and park scouts—made similar statements, and all traced the mortality among animals to the one cause—overstocking the ranges with domestic sheep. This, it was asserted, had resulted not only in the destruction of thousands of elk, but of large numbers of park antelope as well.

"The country in question," Mr. Hague wrote, "is in the forest reserve, east of the Yellowstone River and in extent is seventy-five or eighty miles long by twenty-five miles wide and adjoins Yellowstone Park on the north. In this territory there are now between 50,000 and 60,000 head of sheep."

He also stated that in early spring of that year (1910) he passed through this region and saw great numbers of elk and deer, which had come out of the park, feeding in the valleys and on the mountainsides. A few weeks later—in July—he returned through the same region and saw not one elk or deer, but did see the valleys and mountains covered with domestic sheep. During the course of this journey Mr. Hague passed the decaying carcasses of a large number of elk that had starved to death. One of the shepherds took the trouble to count the elk car-

casses on an area containing somewhat less than forty acres and found seventy-five.

Unfortunately the region to which this reference was made, which lies in the Gallatin and Absaroka National Forest Reserves, was covered with snow when I reached Montana. The sheep had been driven off for the winter and the carcasses of the dead elk were hidden under the snow. It was therefore quite fruitless for me to attempt to learn anything at this time from a personal inspection of the ranges, and I was forced to confine my investigation to interviewing people, like Mr. Hague, familiar with the ground and the conditions.

In addition to the charge that excessive numbers of sheep were permitted to graze *where no sheep should be allowed,* resulting in wholesale starvation of animals, the additional charge was made that this condition was to no small extent the result of graft. Before a sheepman can take his flocks upon a public range he must make application to the Federal authorities for a license to graze a designated number of sheep in a designated district. It was charged that the sheepman "sees" the forest ranger or inspector patrolling the district which it is desired to enter; the ranger, his conscience having been duly quieted, reports that there is ample pas-

turage for an estimated number of sheep always in excess of the number for which the sheep man has asked license. The license is duly granted, and on the strength of it usually a greater number of sheep than the license calls for are run in, and not infrequently a friend's sheep as well.

The result can easily be imagined. The range is stripped utterly, before snow falls, of every vestige of grass and small browse, and when the elk and antelope come down from the park nothing remains for them to eat and they starve by thousands.

The unbiased observer is forced to arrive at one of two conclusions. First: Either the rangers or other inspectors, who report these ranges capable of supporting thousands of sheep without doing injury to the park animals which rely upon them for forage, are grossly incompetent and unfit for their positions; or, second: that the charge of graft is true and they are bribed to report these favorable conditions by the sheepmen. If they are incompetent their superior officers who employ them are directly responsible for employing or keeping in service incompetent men.

If this were the only unoccupied public range where domestic sheep could graze, it

might be argued that the sheep are of greater value to the country than wild animals. But this is not the case. There are thousands of square miles of unoccupied public ranges elsewhere where the sheep barons might take their flocks and leave these ranges to the animals to which they belong, and this without the slightest loss to the country at large. But it would inconvenience the sheep barons to do this, and the Federal authorities with the utmost docility appear to have surrendered everything to the sheep men.

In the spring of 1911 the carcasses of more than one thousand elk that had starved to death during the previous winter lay along the Yellowstone River within a distance of twenty-one miles north of Gardiner. I have been unable to get even an approximate estimate of the large number of animals that perished during the winter east of the Yellowstone and north of the park, but the starvation rate was horrible. Reports from the western part of Gallatin County and in Madison County, west to the Madison River, including the territory north of Henry Lake in Idaho, west and northwest of the park, show that immense numbers of animals starved to death throughout this whole region between January, 1911, and the opening

of spring. An informant wrote me during the spring:

"The elk calf crop of last year has suffered a loss of about eighty per cent. The health officers of Livingston declare that the waters of the Yellowstone River have been contaminated by the decaying bodies of dead elk, and the Montana Board of Health is making an investigation."

In spite of this, previous to April first, 1911, permits had been granted to sheep men to graze forty thousand sheep during the summer of 1911 on the Gallatin National Forest Reserve. Doubtless many additional licenses were later issued.

It is unbelievable that a Christian nation would permit, to say nothing of being responsible for, such a condition as exists. Humanity cries out against this utterly heartless course. It makes me heart-sick now to remember what I saw in Jackson's Hole. Every one wants to see the animals preserved if they can be provided for. No one wants to see them preserved, however, through one season only to be starved to death the next. If they cannot be provided for, let us kill them in the name of mercy, and be done with it once for all.

Whether the sheep that denude the ranges in

the Gallatin and Absaroka National Forest Reserves are or are not more valuable than the elk does not enter into the question. If we are to keep these elk which we have reared in Yellowstone National Park, we must feed them. I do not believe the people of the United States want the animals killed.

Hague and others have been working for several years to have the government take steps to exclude sheep from an ample range contiguous to the park. On the fourth of March of the present year Governor Norris of Montana signed a bill creating what is to be known as the Gallatin County Game Preserve, its special object being to provide a range for the Yellowstone National Park elk moving northward from the park. The Federal government will of course exclude sheep from this preserve in which Montana prohibits hunting. But it is a vastly insufficient area, extending but four miles northward from the park boundary and but twenty miles in length. It is, however, a step in the right direction, but it must be extended considerably to be of any great value in preventing wholesale starvation.

My horseback journey, begun on the Arizona desert under the scorching sun of June, ended at Emigrant, Montana. It was winter now, and

Photograph by S. N. Leek

Young Elk Too Weak to Drag Itself Across the Fence.

Antelope Living in Alfalfa Fields near Gardiner, Montana.

the mountains lay white and cold under their mantle of snow.

It was a real hardship to part from my faithful horses. Button had served me as saddle or pack pony over two thousand miles of desert and mountain trails and Heart from the Cibicue in Arizona. With no other companions on long reaches of lonely trail and in even more lonely camps, when I talked to them and they seemed to understand, my imagination had imbued them with almost human instincts and sympathies. They had been faithful friends indeed.

Button, who had lavished his affections upon Heart, after our parting from Shorty and Billy, had elected himself Heart's protector whenever he and the more passive Heart were thrown in contact with other animals. At Emigrant I set them free on a range with other horses, and when I turned for a last look at them I beheld Button, his ears lying back, the white of his eyes gleaming, his mouth open, charging some inquisitive horses that had attempted to approach Heart and striking viciously at them with his fore feet. Heart, the personification of patience, his ears pricked forward, stood in the background.

This was not a hunting trip. Its chief ob-

ject was to gather information relative to some species of our big game animals, the ranges which they occupy, the ranges which they should occupy, and the condition of those animals remaining, with the hope that such information might tend to influence better preservation.

While I carried arms and had ample opportunities to kill, I fired but two shots during the whole length of my journey.

THE END